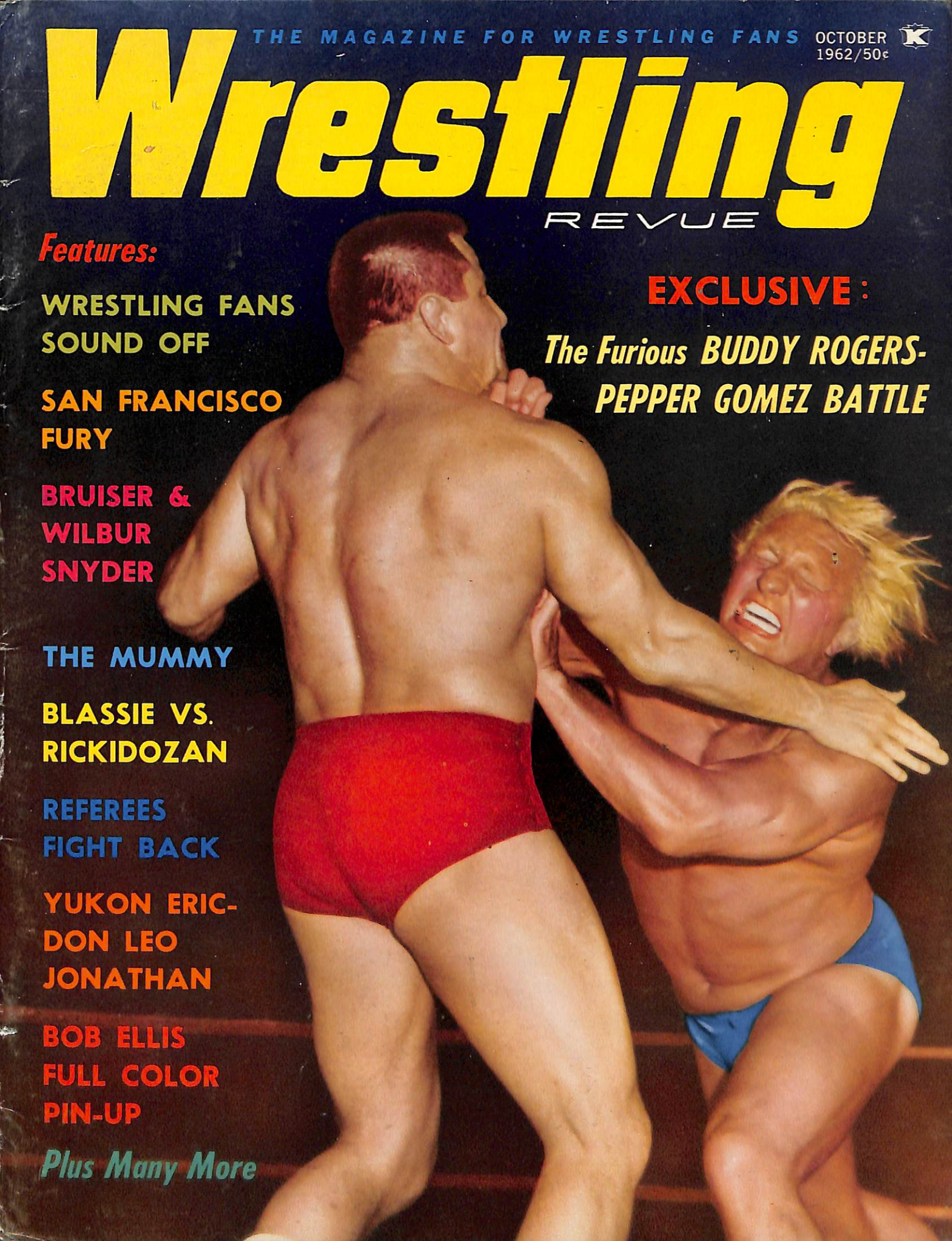
THE MAGAZINE FOR WRESTLING FANS
OCTOBER
1962/50¢

Wrestling REVUE



Features:

WRESTLING FANS SOUND OFF

SAN FRANCISCO FURY

BRUISER & WILBUR SNYDER

THE MUMMY

BLASSIE VS. RICKIDOZAN

REFEREES FIGHT BACK

YUKON ERIC-DON LEO JONATHAN

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READERS' pros and cons

COLLECTOR'S ITEM

Sirs:

I just couldn't resist sending you this picture (see cut) of Angelo Poffo and me taken in Gary, Indiana, sometime in 1950. Some collector's item, eh? You may show it to your readers if you like.

GEORGE DRAKE
Honolulu, Hawaii

ANOTHER WORLD CHAMPION

Sirs:

Everything about WRESTLING REVUE is terrific, except for one thing. You haven't had an article about the greatest wrestler in the world today, Fred Blassie. How great is Blassie? Well, he came to California about a year ago and since that time has defeated the following: Mr. Moto (3 times), Samson Burke (twice), Nick Bockwinkle (twice), Ted Christie, Vic Christie, Jesus Ortega, Ramon Torres, Alberto Torres, Billy Varga (3 times), Enrique Torres (3 times), Dick Hutton (twice), Ricki Starr, Antonino Rocca, Lou Thesz, Ricky Romero, Vittorio Apollo, Zebra Kid, Art Thomas, Fritz Von Goering, Haystacks Muldoon, Sandor Szabo (3 times), the Preacher (twice), George Drake, Lord Blears (twice), Ed Carpentier and Gorgeous George.

Now with a record like that don't you agree that Blassie rates a feature story in WRESTLING REVUE? If you still are in doubt why not put Fred into the ring with Buddy Rogers. Within ten minutes you'd have another world champion.

DAVID HADLEN
Ventura, Calif.

● Not only do we agree, but we have already published two feature stories on Blassie the Great.—ED.

NOT FOR PRUDES

Sirs:

The June/62 issue of WRESTLING REVUE contained a picture of Hans Schmidt grasping Ed Carpentier's trunks during a recent match, thereby revealing an expanse of Edouardo's backside.

When I saw the picture I was amused. Then I read the accompanying text and learned that after a similar picture had been published some time ago certain people considered the picture "vulgar".

Now just who would consider such a picture vulgar?

Certainly not a wrestling fan. But who else would be looking at a wrestling magazine?

Surely not a healthy person with even a smattering of a sense of humor.

Would such a person be a refined, genteel "lady", who would appear in public in an evening gown with cleavage revealing half her (what shall I say?) chest? Or one who uses all sorts of artifices to make herself more alluring?

Oh, for the ability of George Bernard Shaw to express the facets of such a situation and to describe the smugness of "small" people.

The human body is here to stay and closing one's eyes will not cause it to disappear. Nature created the male animal even more beautiful than the female, most artists agree.

The bodies of some of our present-day wrestlers would have been an inspiration to the old masters. They would have perpetuated their magnificence in bronze, marble and on canvas. Among such models would be Pat O'Connor, Carpentier, Aldo Venturi and the superlative Billy Darnell.

And the artists would scarcely have bothered to drape them.

Prudes should not read wrestling magazines, nor visit art galleries and museums.

JOHN PYLE
Brooklyn, N. Y.

TWO SWEET DADDIES?

Sirs:

In the April/62 issue of WR I saw some striking photographs of Sweet Daddy Siki in action. From what I gathered, Siki is a clean, scientific type wrestler with black hair and a goatee to match.

But last week, on television, I saw an entirely different man who was introduced as Sweet Daddy Siki. This Siki strutted around the ring like Buddy Rogers and used the foulest tactics I've ever seen. What's more, this Siki had blond hair and no goatee.

I'm mighty confused. Tell me, are there two Sweet Daddies?

WILLIAM LEARNING
Happy Valley, Labrador

● No, there is only one Sweet Daddy Siki. The man whose pictures you saw in WR, and the man you saw on TV are one and the same. It seems that Daddy got tired of being sweet, and, as he explained it to us, "Did you ever see a dark-haired villain?—ED.

BLASSIE-RICKIDOZAN

Sirs:

Despite the fact that he lost to Rickidozan in Los Angeles last April, Fred Blassie is still the champion in my book. The referee awarded the match to Rickidozan after time ran out (45 minutes). Blassie then ripped off the referee's shirt and a few days later the commission suspended Fred and slapped him with a $500 fine.

JEFF McCORMICK
Alhambra, Calif.

● See page 42.—ED.

RIDICULOUS!

Sirs:

It's ridiculous! How could the Fabulous Moolah even suggest a Male vs. Female professional wrestling match?

Even if the man were forbidden from retaining any one hold longer than twenty seconds, or from using dropkicks or flying tackles, as Moolah stipulates, the woman would not have a chance because of the man's natural advantages of strength and stamina.

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VOL. 3, NO. 6 OCTOBER/1962

THE MAGAZINE FOR WRESTLING FANS

Wrestling REVUE

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WRESTLING REVUE, published bi-monthly by Champion Sports Publishing Corp., P.O. Box 384, Rockville Centre, L. I., New York. Address all subscriptions, changes of address and matters pertaining thereto to: Wrestling Revue, P.O. Box 384, Rockville Centre, L. I., New York. Address all editorial and advertising matter to Champion Sports Publishing Corp., 545 Fifth Ave., Suite 602, New York 17, New York. Reprinting in whole or in part forbidden except by written permission of the Publishers. Unacceptable contributions will be returned if accompanied by sufficient first class postage. We cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions. SUBSCRIPTION RATES: $3.00 per year in U.S. $3.00 in Canada. $4.00 in all other countries. Foreign subscriptions and sales should be remitted by International Money Order payable in U.S. funds. Second-class postage paid at Rockville Centre, N. Y. and at additional mailing offices. Copyright by Champion Sports Publishing Corporation, 1962.

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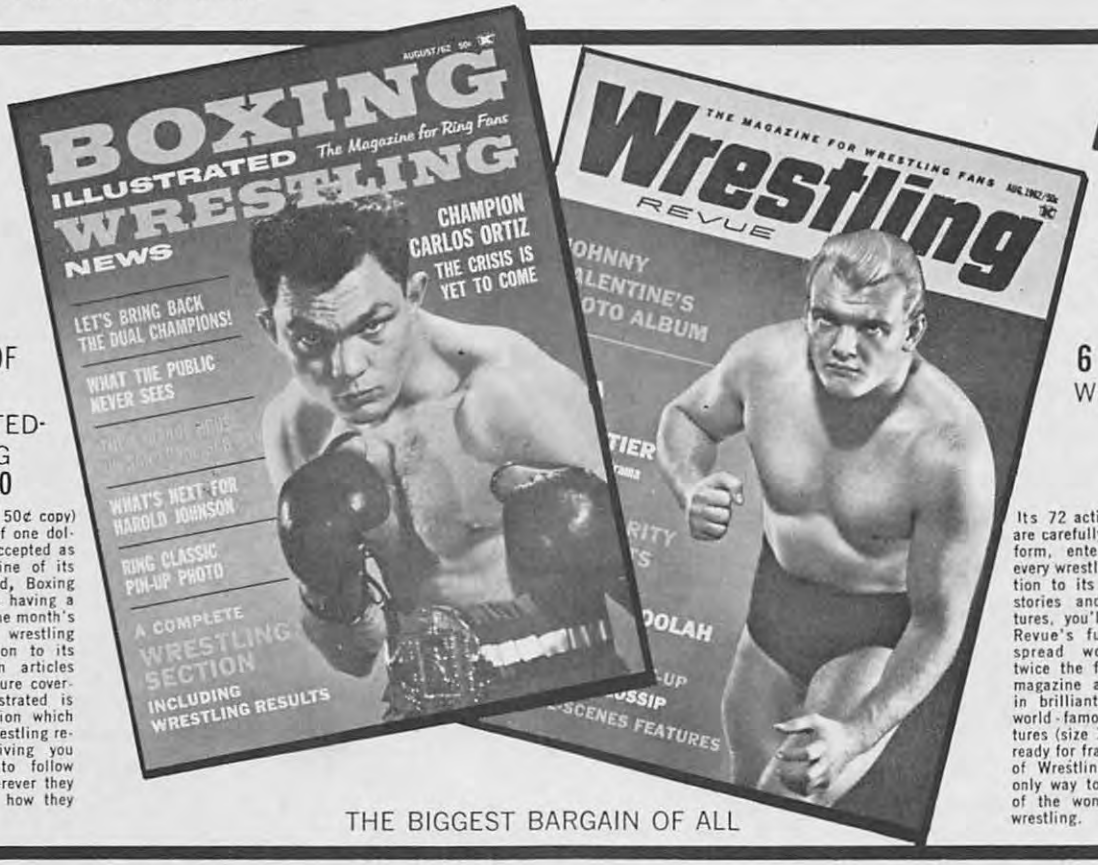

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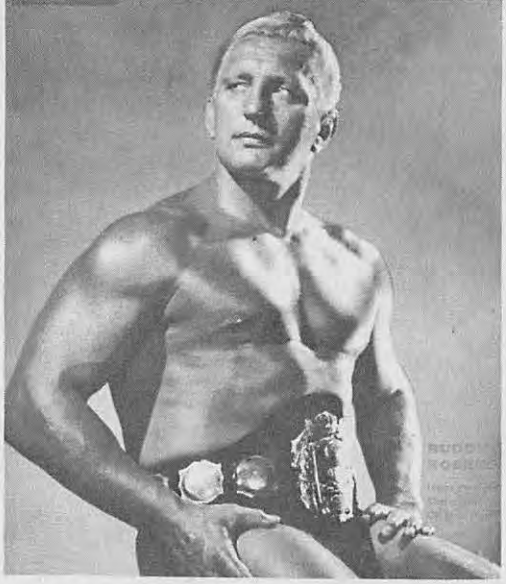

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READERS' pros and cons

(*continued from page* 3)

It is absurd to my way of thinking that Moolah should even consider a match with any male wrestler, let alone the champion, Buddy Rogers.

KAREN RANEM
Minneapolis, Minn.

A MATTER OF PRIDE

Sirs:

Just for the record let's say that California has the most colorful wrestling in the country, Texas has the roughest, but New York has the best!

In our opinion, Bob Ellis deserves a higher rating than WRESTLING REVUE gives him. We say this for several reasons: a) He has defeated former champions Pat O'Connor and Dick Hutton — and he has held current champion Buddy Rogers to a pair of draws b) Ellis is one half of the world's tag team champions (with Johnny Valentine). Although we agree that Valentine is a fine wrestler, it is Ellis who usually comes through to snatch the victory c) Bob is the only man, to our knowledge, who survived Buddy Rogers' dreaded figure four leglock.

CLIFF WALTERS & STUART SARETT
Massapequa, N. Y.

MISLEADING?

Sirs:

You were misleading in your August issue when you referred to Buddy Rogers as the "Heavyweight Champion of the World." Verne Gagne is the real champion! Please correct this error.

LLOYD BELL & CRAIG STEPHENS
Greenwood, Neb.

● Rogers is recognized as champion by the National Wrestling Alliance and thus has the backing of WRESTLING REVUE.—ED.

KOZAKS A HIT

Sirs:

Your story and picture coverage of the Kozak brothers (Aug/62) was fabulous. It's about time these two great wrestlers and wonderful men finally got the national recognition they so richly deserve. And by the way, they have gorgeous wives. Lucky fellows.

MARVON LANG
Houston, Texas

NO ASSASSINS!

Sirs:

We love WRESTLING REVUE, but we feel you are overlooking two great wrestlers — the Assassins, Numbers One and Two. Here in the Deep South they are considered tops in tag teams.

Last February they won the Southern Championship from Eddie Graham and Dickie Steinborn in a bitter match. Yet you rate Graham-Steinborn Number 3 among the world's teams and you completely omit the Assassins. In our opinion they should be no lower than Number One!

ROXANNE & PAT VEDDER
Forsyth, Ga.

CURTIS COKES

Sirs:

I am writing in regard to the welterweight champion of Texas — and the world's fourth-ranking welter — Curtis Cokes. I think he should be rated even higher. He can box, he's fast and he can punch. And look at some of the men he's beaten: Luis Rodriguez (number-one ranked), Hilario Morales, Tombstone Smith, Bobby Sanders and Rudolph Bent. Of course I may be prejudiced — you see, I manage Curtis — but I sincerely believe he's the best welterweight in the world.

DOUG LORD
Dallas, Texas

THOSE BAD DECISIONS

Sirs:

Having just witnessed the Kenny Lane-Tommy Tibbs lightweight fight in Boston, I felt compelled to write you. Here was a local boy, Tibbs, knocking the stuffings out of Lane — battering his body and cutting both his eyes — and then losing the decision. It's enough to make a guy stop paying to see fights!

JOEL KLAPPER
Ansonia, Conn.

Sirs:

On Monday evening, May 21, 1962, I witnessed a bout in Caracas between local-boy Carlos Hernandez — one of the world's top rated lightweights — and Gene Gresham of Detroit. Now we realize that it is difficult for a North American boxer to get a decision down here. It's unfair, but that's life. Anyway, Gresham, a fine young boxer, really dazzled Hernandez. The fight was so one-sided it was a joke. Every time Hernandez tried to punch, Gene slapped him back with quick lefts and rights. The pro-Hernandez crowd was soon cheering Gresham's classic moves. Then came the shock decision — Hernandez the winner. It's too bad a youngster like Gresham has to be victimized as he was, so I thought I'd try and set the records straight.

THOMAS M. GEMMEL
Caracas, Venezuela

CARLOS REALLY WON

Sirs:

I'm beginning to think I'm crazy. Either that or I'm blind. I watched Carlos Ortiz take Joe Brown's lightweight title a few months ago, and I am convinced that he did it fairly and squarely. With a guy like Brown, who's 36, it was just a matter of time before he'd fall apart. He did against Carlos — and he took a licking. Yet many seem to think there was monkey business, including BOXING ILLUSTRATED (Were the Dice Loaded at Las Vegas? July/62). I think you should be ashamed of yourself for even hinting at such a falsehood.

HERBERT BIRNS
Youngstown, Ohio

VIC GRAFFIO

Sirs:

As a native of Port Arthur, Texas, and an adhesive-eyed subscriber to your fine magazine, it was indeed gratifying to read "The Fighter who Captured A City" (July/62).

It's been ten years since I left Port Arthur, but I still feel entitled to share in the glory that Vic Graffio has bestowed upon his buddies back home. I suppose it's a natural ambition for a boy to be a world's boxing champion. I also suppose the next best thing is to have a champ come from your own home town. If Graffio's success continues, he may achieve for the rest of us Port Arthurans that "next best" thing. In any event, my heart and my pocket book are with him all the way.

MELVIN JACKSON
West, Texas

GREAT STORY

Sirs:

Your story "The Man Who Beat John L." (August/62) was simply great. I remember James J. Corbett — just as I remember Joe Gans, Sam Langford, Jack Johnson — and I feel that Jim was easily the best of the so-called "Ancients". What he would have done to Floyd Patterson or Sonny Liston, today's best fighters, would have been tantamount to murder.

IRVING KAPLAN
Westchester, N. Y.

CLASS, MAN

Sirs:

Instead of bemoaning today's lack of boxing talent, why don't you come to Philadelphia? We have the world's best middleweight in George Benton, who just walloped the rated Jesse Smith. Benton is class, man, real class!

VICTOR HARRIS
Philadelphia, Pa.

FIGHT OF THE WEEK?

Sirs:

They call the Saturday Night televised fight series the "Fight of the Week." I suppose, since there are no other TV bouts, they can get away with it. But boxing seems to be picking up around the world, with record gates recorded recently in Sweden, Scotland, England, the Philippines and Latin America. And there have also been some great action fights in the U.S. But what do we see on TV? Garbage! Why I've seen so much of Teddy Wright this past month that this morning, when I looked across the breakfast table at my wife, I saw Wright's face.

Please, see what you can do about improving the quality and variety of our TV fights. If something isn't done quickly you'll have no interest in boxing and hence no readers.

P.S. — I'll be kissing Denny Moyer goodbye in the morning.

IGGY VOLPE
Sands Point, N. Y.

ON MY WALL

Sirs:

I was deeply gratified with BI's first Pin-Up Photo (August/62) of the Rocky Marciano-Archie fight. That slick paper is terrific. The picture now hangs proudly on my wall.

SID STIRGIO
Coral Gables, Fla.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH SUGAR RAY?

Sirs:

I wonder if you can tell me what's wrong with Sugar Ray Robinson? If Gene Fullmer didn't convince him that he should retire, than Denny Moyer should certainly have. Yet here he is again, all signed up for a series of fights, including one with Terry Downes. What does Sugar want to do, get himself killed?

RAMON RODRIGUEZ, Sr.
Bronx, N. Y.

MOST HEARTENING

Sirs:

It was most heartening to see Chuck Spieser, the ex-light heavyweight contender, back in business. In West Virginia recently, he looked pretty good knocking out youngster Carl Borman. His future plans, I understand, are five more tuneups in the U.S., then a European tour. Perhaps we'll yet get that Archie Moore-Spieser fight we were supposed to have back in 1957.

EDWARD McGHEE
Detroit, Mich.

THE FANS SOUND OFF

Ten thousand of them tell what's wrong—and right—with wrestling

THIS magazine recently undertook the most far-reaching poll of its type ever made. We sent representatives among the fans at five leading auditoriums around the country to get the public's views on today's brand of professional wrestling. We wanted to learn **your** likes, dislikes, opinions and suggestions.

We asked ten basic questions until 10,000 of you had voiced your views. It took more than three months to correlate and organize the results, and the product is an important and provocative document that tells exactly what you, the fan, want to see in the ring. And, for that matter, what you want to see **out** of it as well. For we found that you have very strong views on such matters as promoters, wrestling committees and other things that the TV mat fan never comes in contact with–things we didn't think you cared about. It is gratifying to discover that you **do.** Because what happened outside the ring determines to a large extent what happens inside.

As a result of your letters which pour into our editorial office every day, we already had a good idea of the main questions you wanted answered, and we also knew what your answers would be. For example, we were not surprised when you shouted, "YES!" when we asked, "Should there be ONE world heavyweight champion?"

Your views on a single Central Wrestling Committee to control professional wrestling were also firm and right to the point. The vast majority of you felt that there should be some such body **with strong powers of organization, legislation and execution.**

Surprisingly, a large number of our interviewees thought that wrestlers – male **and** female – should wear full-length leotards in the ring, in the interest of good taste. But it was a bare – if you'll pardon the pun – two percent in favor of more clothes, so probably the boys and girls will continue to exhibit both skill and flesh in the usual large amounts. Which is okay with us if it's okay with you.

What, if anything, will come of our efforts, and your answers, depends on following through with what seems to be a good beginning. We'll do our part. You'll do yours if you keep sending your opinions to us **and** to those who can make the changes you want. Who is that? The wrestlers; the promoters; the State Athletic Commissions and the Press. If you raise your voices – if you **sound off** as you did in this poll of ours – they can't help but hear you! And they'll do something about it. We guarantee it.

A SELECTED REPRINT FROM BOXING ILLUSTRATED

SUGGESTED IDEA	YES	NO
1— If a wrestler intentionally lays his hands on a referee he will be fined and/or suspended.	6,425	3,575
2— A wrestling referee shall have the same absolute authority as a baseball umpire and a boxing referee.	6,892	3,208
3— An international tournament should be held as soon as possible and the winner will be universally recognized as world heavyweight champion.	9,040	960
4— At every wrestling show all wrestlers should be obliged to make themselves available to the fans at a pre-designated time and place for the purpose of signing autographs and "meeting their public."	10,000	0
5— A Central Wrestling Committee, or its equivalent should be organized immediately. This body to have strong powers nationally, and in effect be like a Supreme Court.	8,920	1,080
6— A percentage of each wrestling gate (exact amount to be determined by the Central Committee) should go into a Compensation and Pension Fund for the wrestlers.	8,420	1,385
7— If a wrestler is banned in one state, he should automatically be banned in all states.	4,260	4,327
8— A National Tournament should be held once each year (in alternating major cities and on the same pattern as baseball's All-Star Games). Those wrestlers who compete in this tournament shall be determined by a national vote of the fans.	7,110	2,813
9— If a wrestler brings foreign objects (such as knives, razors, glass, pepper or inflammatory liquid, etc.) into the ring, he should be banned and fined at the discretion of the Wrestling Committee.	6,214	3,536
10— All wrestlers, male and female alike, should be made to wear more complete clothing than is now permitted. Ideal: A full-length leotard for women, and half-length wrestling leotard (as okay'd by the AAU) for men. This is in the interest of good taste, now that wrestling is so universally popular—especially on the TV screen.	5,255	4,600

Some figures will not add up to 1,000 because of abstentions.

THE MODEST HERO

Smooth-working Henning, a master of leverage and strategy, works on Joe Christy's head to soften him up for the kill.

With the grace and speed of a shark, "Frogman" Henning whips through a Florida pool. His underwater demolition work during the Korean war won him many a citation from the U.S. Navy.

John Paul Henning has more military medals than many a general and more wrestling victories than most top stars. But to talk to him you'd think he never did anything in his life but just go swimming.

BY HENRY KRAWIEC

When he wasn't using his hands to pressurize Joe Christy's head, Henning was using his very powerful and agile legs, which he developed by swimming.

ASK THE NEXT TEN people you meet, "What's the **last** name of an American naval hero whose **first** names are John Paul?" To a man, they'll say, "Jones!"

Ask the same question around St. Louis, and they'll tell you "Henning. John Paul Henning." They might even be surprised if you tell them that there was another John Paul who also made it big. John Paul Henning's popularity around St. Louis is one of those inexplicable things that occasionally happens in the wrestling world. Possibly St. Louis fans admire the way Henning handled himself against Buddy Rogers, and the way he acts both in and out of the ring.

John is a native of the Cayman Islands, British West Indies. Down there, kids learn to swim as soon as they learn to walk . . . and often sooner. Like the crocodiles, for whom the islands are named, they stride from the dry land into the water without seeming to notice the difference. John Paul was no exception. At the tender age of 14, he swam 25 miles in a roaring hurricane after the fishing schooner he was working on was dismasted and sunk. The feat attracted a good deal of notoriety, but young John Paul was baffled by the excitement. "I **had** to swim," he explained, as if to clear away any confusion. "The boat sank!"

Shortly after this incident, the Henning family migrated to St. Petersburg, Florida. This was still near enough to open water to suit John Paul. Swimming came as naturally to him as breathing, and he felt that one was as necessary to his life as the other.

At the age of eighteen, his physique was beautifully developed. Women gaped and giggled at the sight of his bronzed, brawny torso; men glared but seldom permitted their resentment to go beyond this stage. His muscles were long, lean and lithe, and his body was elastic and responsive.

With the advent of the Korean War, John Paul joined the navy and was assigned to the work he knew and loved best: underwater demolition . . . just another kind of swimming. Both John and the Navy are close-mouthed about his exploits as a "frogman", the navy because of security restrictions which are still in effect; John because of natural modesty. But rumor has it that his efforts were substantial, and that he played a leading part in clearing Korean harbors of mines to open the way for military seaborne operations.

After the war, John found himself at loose ends, financially as well as spiritually. After the hard and dangerous life he had led, no civilian occupation seemed sufficiently exciting. Except, perhaps, athletics. So he joined the St. Petersburg YMCA and embarked on a course of weight-lifting. In short order, his lean swimmer's muscles bunched and gathered into the battering-ram physique of the wrestler. John started wrestling for fun, liked it, got to be good at it. In fact, he got to be so good that heavyweight pros visiting St. Petersburg liked to

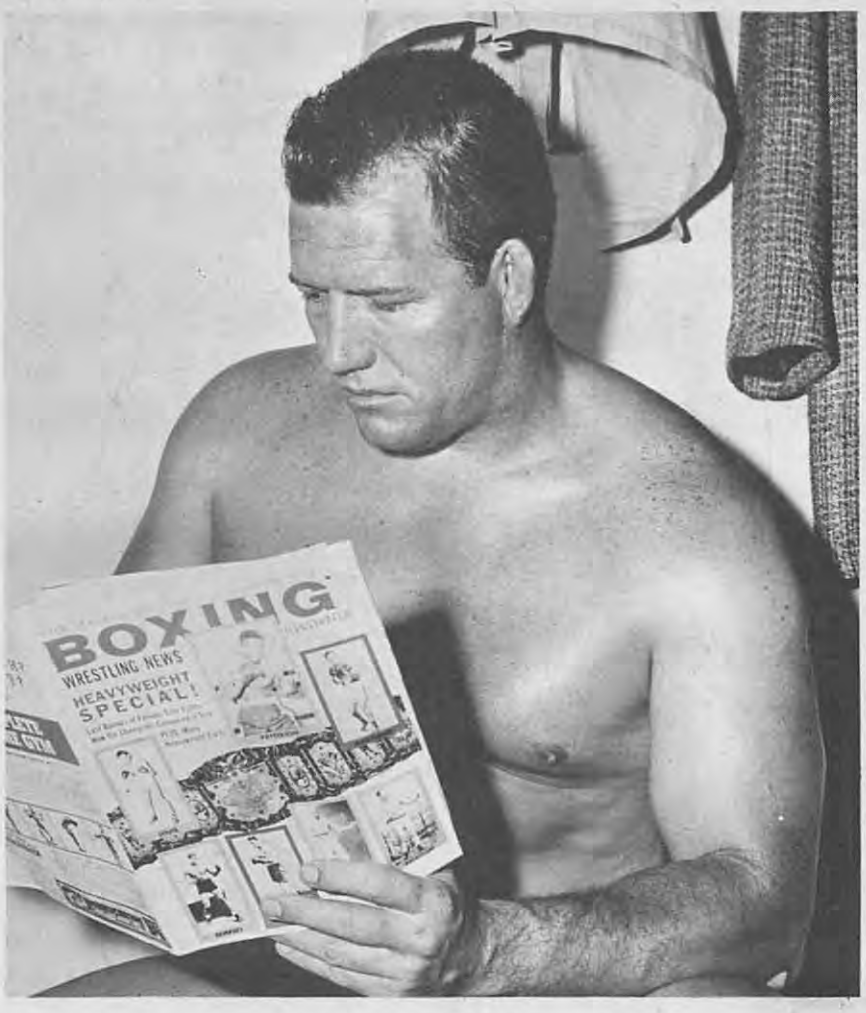
work-out with the spunky youngster.

This came to the attention of St. Louis promoter Sam Muchnick, who is always on the lookout for new talent. It seemed to Muchnick that every time he spoke to a wrestler, he heard about that sensational Henning kid. So Sam sent for John Paul on a trial basis, and matched him against some of his less dangerous heavyweights. John tore through this opposition like a scythe through a wheatfield . . . and begged for more. "More" meant front-rank heavyweights. Muchnick took the chance, and he has never been sorry. John Paul met top names like Lou Thesz, Luther Lindsay . . . even Buddy Rogers. He won and he lost, but he always handled himself with great skill and courage. "Frogman" Henning soon became a public idol around St. Louis. Even though he has traveled widely, wrestling in Hawaii, Alaska, the Belgian Congo, South Africa, his adoring fans in the American midwest called him back time and time again, and he always responded.

Henning's sojourns to foreign ports netted him more than experience. He picked up the Hawaiian Heavyweight Title, the Western Canadian Heavyweight Title, the Northwest Canadian Heavyweight title, and a host of body-building laurels as well.

Few Henning fans know that they came within a whisker of seeing their hero in the movies. A few years ago, a major Hollywood studio was casting a picture called "Mr. Universe" which called for a good looking wrestler to play the lead. Who did the studio send for? Why John Paul Henning, of course.

All went well at first. John walked onto the studio soundstage and a script girl almost choked on her morning coffee. By the time Henning put on his wrestling trunks and was ready to work every female on the lot had found an excuse to visit sound stage three, where John put on a demonstration that would have drawn rousing cheers from a cigar-store Indian. But the director wasn't pleased. He called John over and began to explain the fine points of wrestling. Whereupon Henning walked off the sound stage, off the lot and out of a movie career . . . leaving behind a small army of disappointed script girls, stenos, typists and a few starlets.



In dressing room before a big match, John catches up on news of the wrestling world by reading Boxing Illustrated-Wrestling News. He calls that publication "The finest in the world."

Creaking scales tell you that, today, "Frogman" Henning weighs in at a substantial 235 pounds, all of it magnificently distributed over a 6′ 3″ frame. A broken nose and several other bashings have added ruggedness to his native good looks. He cuts an impressive figure in the ring. Experience has honed his technique to a cutting edge, and woe to the unwary grappler who permits J. P. to grab him in a body scissors or Japanese Arm Lock. Even Buddy Rogers, who is not widely known for his praise of other wrestlers, has a few grudging but kindly words to say about Henning. "I can bash his brains," says the Champ, "but Henning doesn't know when to quit."

John Paul, in turn, has a few things to say about Rogers. "He's a great wrestler. But he wrestles too much with his mouth. He's smart, fast and strong. I remember once when I thought I had him. I had pinned him and I heard the referee count to two. Then, all of a sudden, there was Buddy standing across the ring, smiling at me. I still don't know how he did it."

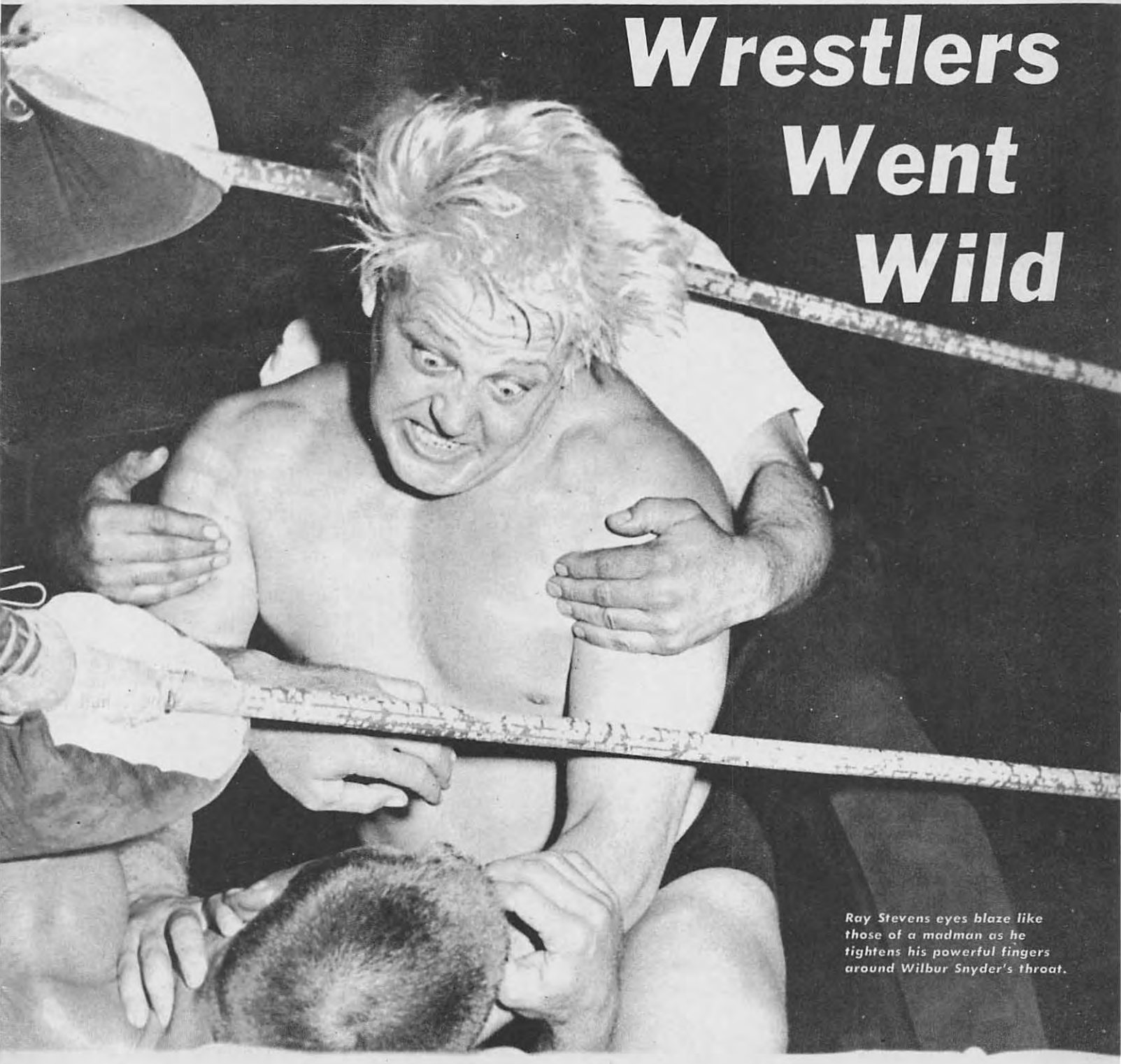
As to his future plans, Henning would like to settle down, after he wins the championship, and divide his time between the Cayman Islands, where he can be near the water, and St. Louis, where he can be near the people he loves best.

"How about relaxation. What will you do?"

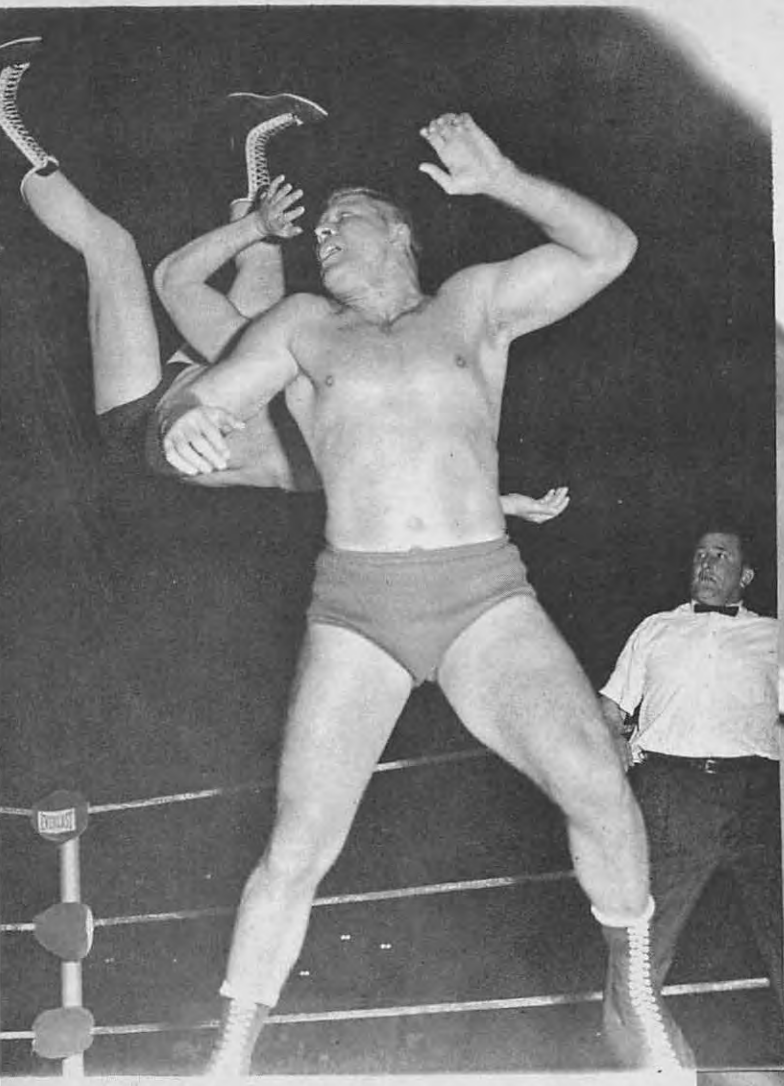
"I'll join the local YMCA and wrestle." •

One night last April, more than 13,000 people filed into San Francisco's famous Cow Palace for what was expected to be a routine wrestling show. But what they saw had them crawling up walls in frenzied excitement. That was . . .

The Night The Wrestlers Went Wild

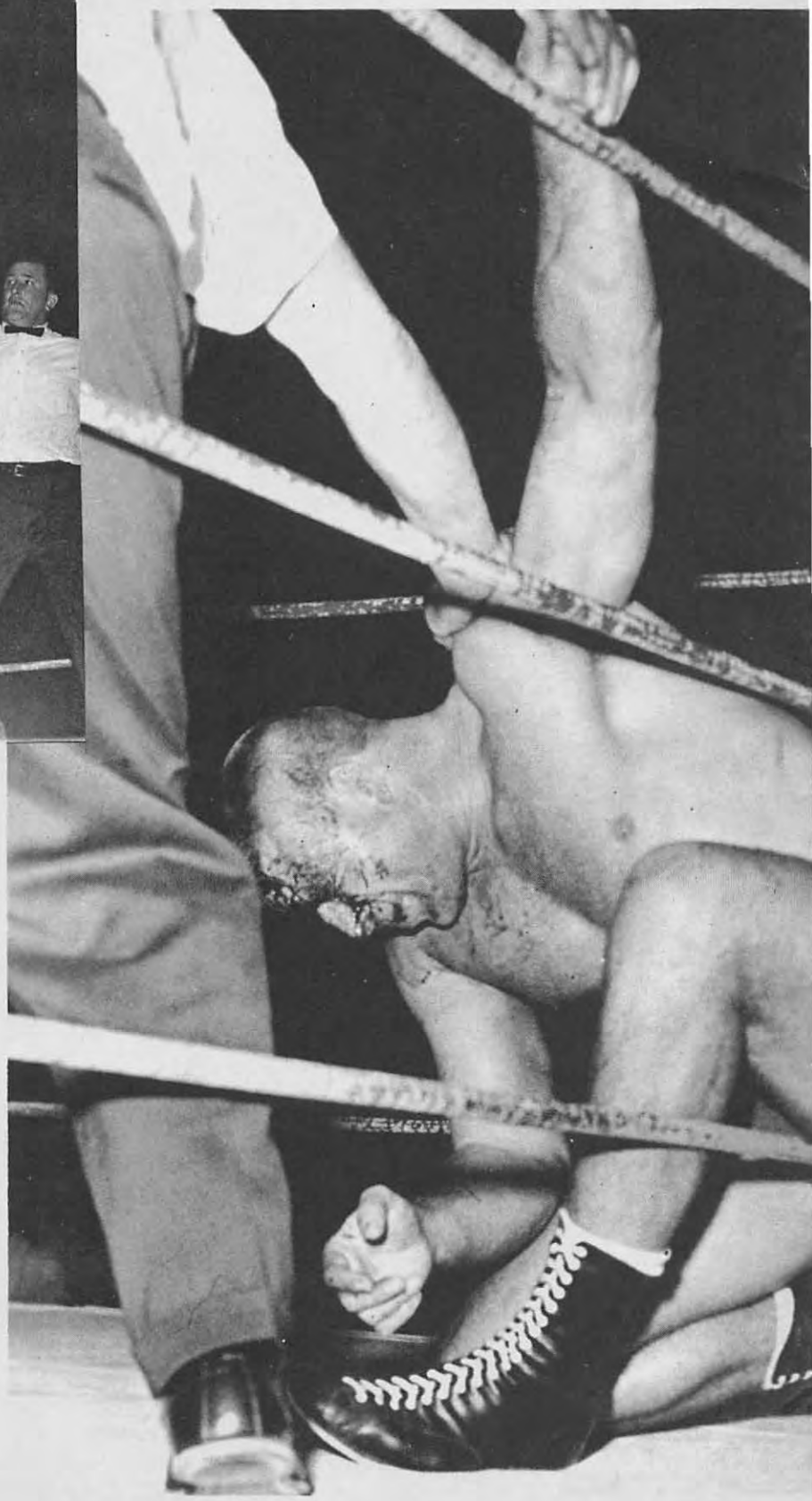


Ray Stevens eyes blaze like those of a madman as he tightens his powerful fingers around Wilbur Snyder's throat.



Snyder, with a mighty heave, sends Stevens flying more than five feet into the air and then crashing to the mat with a resounding Boom! But Wilbur missed his try for a pin.

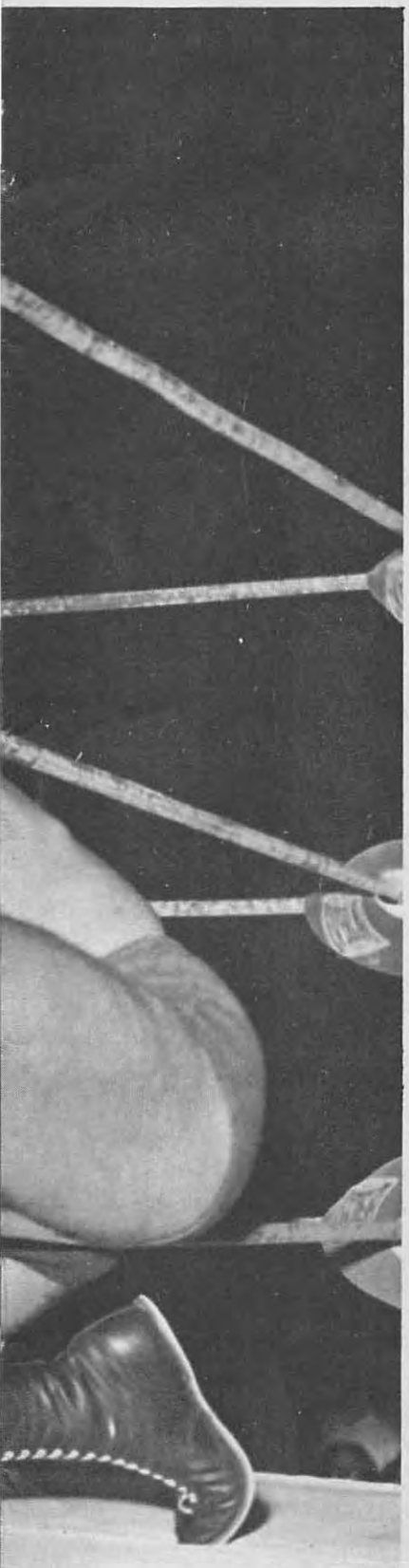
Badly stunned and bleeding, Snyder, the darling of the crowd, slumps in corner, unable to continue. Seven stitches were needed to close the deep cut just under his hairline.

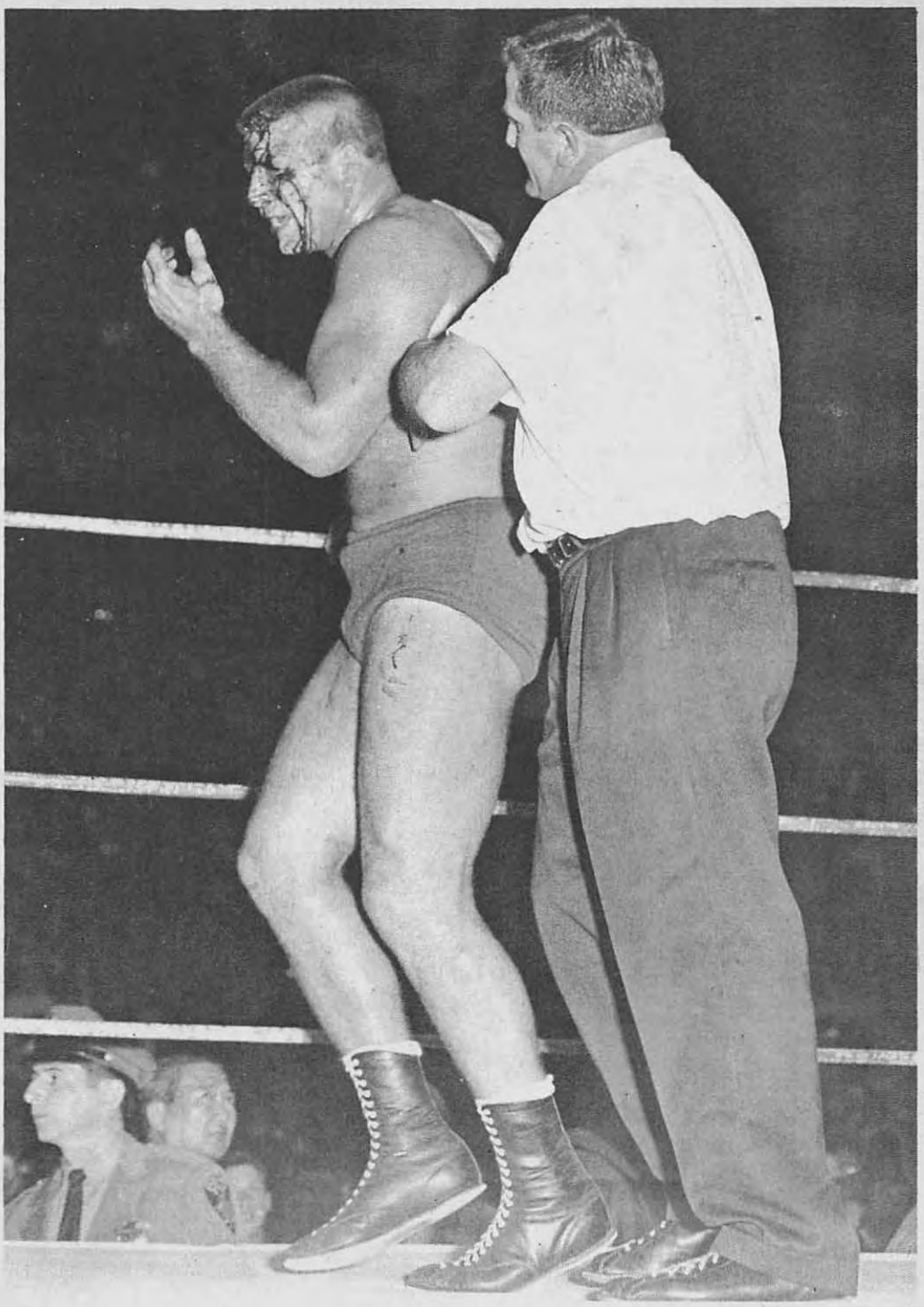


ON PAPER, promoter Roy Shire had another fine Cow Palace card lined up for the night of April 7, 1962. Sparkling newspaper ads played up the tempting thought that handsome Wilbur Snyder, the classic example of what every mother would like to have her own son look like, was primed, both mentally and physically, to put an end to Ray Stevens long reign of terror.

Stevens, a veteran star who had originally built his reputation around the mid-west, became an overnight sensation in the long dormant wrestling territory of San Francisco and vicinity. Within four months blond terror Stevens, whose baby face and statuesque physique made many a frivolous female forget about his less than gentlemanly

Sympathetic referee helps Snyder back to his corner as anxious eyes gaze at the popular hero.





tactics in the ring, was attracting gates of $50,000, unheard of anyplace west of Madison Square Garden. Wrote one astonished San Francisco sports writer: "This man Ray Stevens is a phenomenon the likes I have not seen in more than thirty years of covering the sports beat. I have watched his work on three different occasions but I fail to understand what magic spell he holds over the people of San Francisco. But, you see, I am not, even in the loosest use of the term, a wrestling fan."

Stevens, by knocking over his opponents as fast as promoter Shire could import them, seemed to have, in the minds of local fans, a halo of invincibility around him. No matter how big, how strong or how famous the opposition, Stevens chewed them up and smugly spat out the pieces.

The vast majority of San Franciscans resented Ray's atti-

The preliminary bouts on the Cow Palace show were as thrilling as the main event. The famous Japanese team of Kenji Shibuya and Mitsu Arakawa (facing camera) defeated Bill Melby and Leo Nomellini.

Kenji Shibuya hurts Nomellini with a judo chop moments before former football hero Nomellini was pinned for deciding fall.

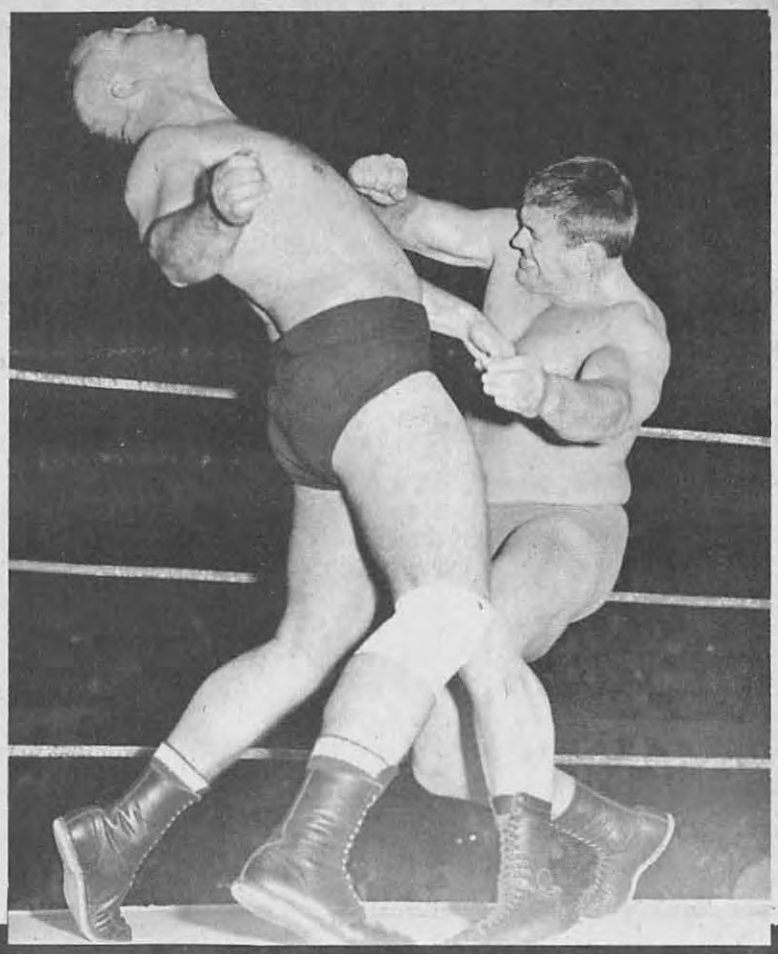
tude as much as they resented his vile tactics, and they lived for the day to see him beaten. But who could do it? Ed Carpentier couldn't do it. Neither could Pepper Gomez, Hercules Cortez, Red Bastien or Bearcat Wright. Not even the great Rocca could keep the remarkably resilient Blond Bomber down for the count.

When promoter Shire announced that Wilbur Snyder would get the next crack at Stevens, the public, at first, took the idea rather lightly. The general reaction was that Ray would slaughter Snyder without much trouble. But then Wilbur's impressive history began to spread around San Francisco. From old magazines, stories were plucked about his classic bouts with Killer Kowalski, Verne Gagne,

Rocca, Buddy Rogers and all the other great names of the wrestling world. Slowly Snyder's stature began to build around wrestling-wild San Francisco. Folks began talking about Snyder's famous abdominal stretch, a kind of patented torture he invented back in 1956. On a television show, Wilbur won himself a million fans when he said, "I use my abdominal stretch only on animals like Ray Stevens."

The stage was set and to make his show even more alluring, Roy Shire put together an intriguing support card. The rough Japanese team of Mitsu Arakawa and Kinji Shibuya was signed to take on former football stars Leo

(*continued on page* 62)



Ed Carpentier, who flew to San Francisco from Paris to be on Roy Shire's big show, staggers big Duke Hoffman with a right to the jaw. Frenchman won without much trouble.

Luis Martinez, a spectacular wrestler, sends Karl Von Brock sailing with a neat hiplock. Luis won and immediately fired a challenge at Ray Stevens.

THE REFEREES

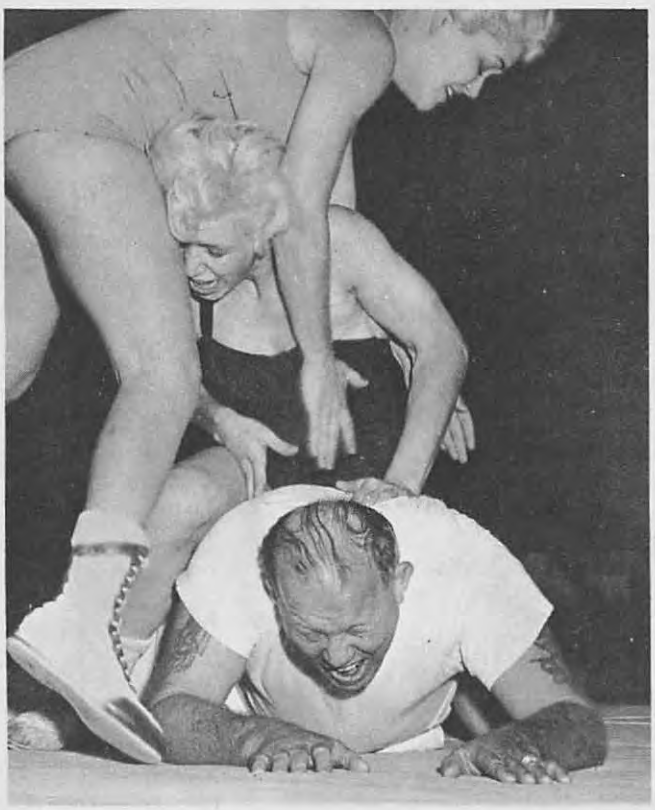
The constant target of fans and wrestlers alike, a wrestling referee leads a dangerous and lonely life. For their side of the story we went directly to a couple of hardened old pros with the promise to print it exactly as they told it.

BY BILL LENNON

WHEN APRIL COMES, the crack of wood on horsehide is often drowned out by cries of, "Kill the umpire!" Similarly, in wrestling arenas, when one grappler is prohibited from wreaking unfair mayhem on another, the crowd screams, "Murder the referee!"

The principal difference is that the baseball fans don't mean it, where wrestling fans **do**! Wrestling referees constantly face the danger of being shot, stabbed, mobbed . . . certainly of being insulted . . . and all because they are a conscientious crew trying to do their job.

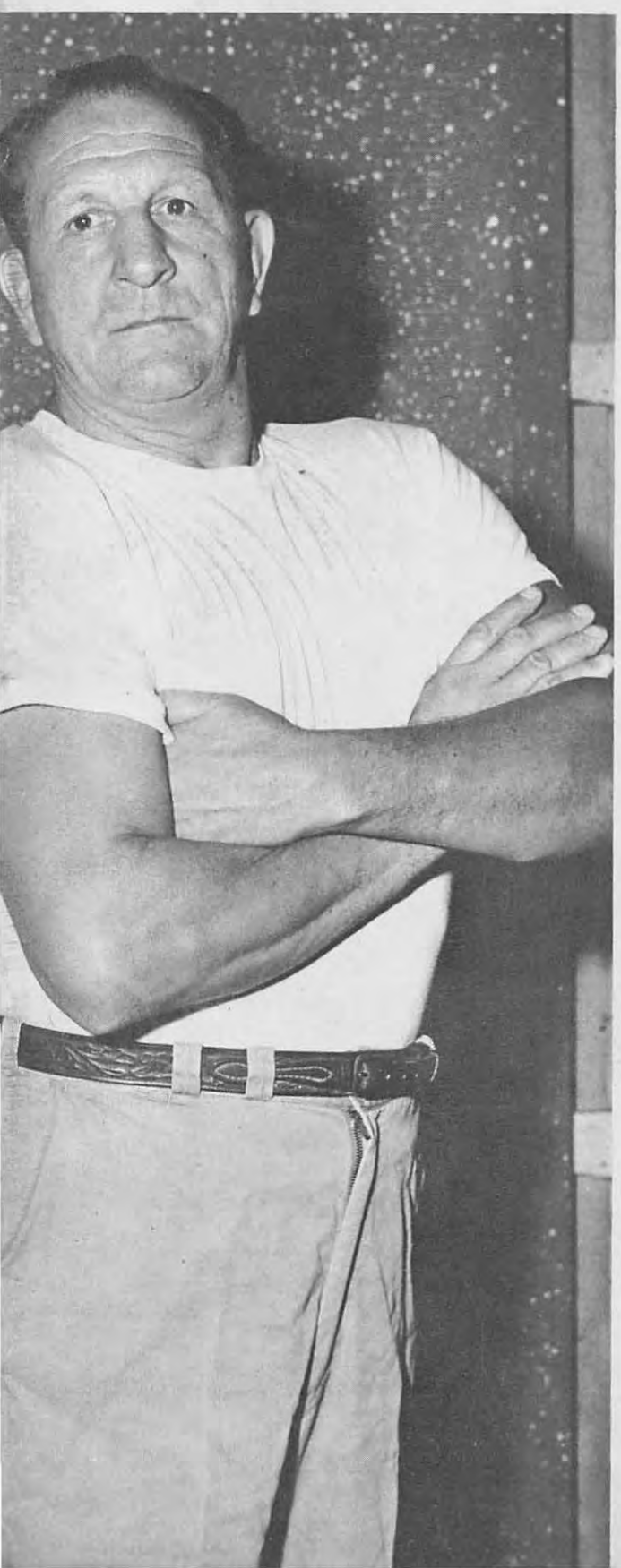
This is no exaggeration, as any follower of the sport knows. Let a referee, with good reason, disqualify a popular wrestler, and his life is in jeopardy. The fans will rise in all their fury. Pop bottles will descend on his head like hail. His clothes may be torn off before he leaves the arena.



Referee Marvin Jones (bottom) says "I would rather work three men's bouts than one woman's match. It's safer!"

Veteran referees Marvin Jones, left, and Otto Kuss.

FIGHT BACK

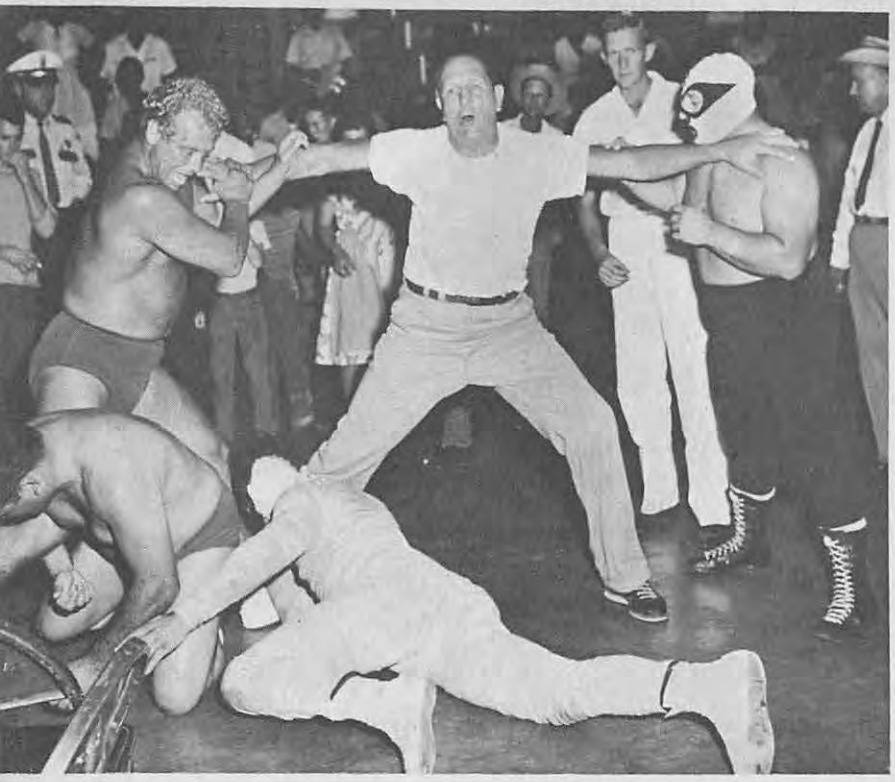


Otto Kuss is vaulted over top rope and out of ring by The Bat during a wild bout in Angelton, Texas.

If it is a hot-blooded crowd, such as the one that rose in protest recently against the disqualification of Dory Funk, the referee becomes a target for physical damage. That particular Texas crowd contained several home-grown cowboys, complete with shootin' irons, and the referee narrowly escaped extermination.

The now-famous bout between The Sheik and Edouard Carpentier in Montreal provides an excellent example. The Shiek had pinned Carpentier's right arm behind him in a hammer lock. To the referee, carefully watching the hold for any evidence of finger-twisting, everything appeared according to Hoyle. But the outraged fans could see that The Shiek had pulled some kind of irritating substance out of his trunks, and was rubbing it into Carpentier's eyes. They screamed and howled . . . and so did Carpentier. The referee dashed around in front. By then, of course, The Shiek was innocently massaging Carpentier's forehead. So the referee retuned to his original position. Again, The Shiek reached into his trunks and brought out the gunk. Carpentier writhered and yelled. The fans went wild. Again, the referee dashed around in front. The Shiek looked at him in innocent surprise. "What's wrong now?" he seemed to ask.

This was more than the crowd could take. They pelted the ring with beer bottles, fruit rinds and worse. They hollered for blood. Whose blood? The Shiek's? No, sir. The referee's! One enraged fan climbed on the skirt of the ring and aimed a punch at the referee's head. He was removed by police. While the referee's attention was diverted, The Shiek continued treating Carpentier's eyes. Carpentier finally lost his temper and felled The



Kuss takes his life in his hands to maintain law and order as he holds Carlos Rocha, left, from getting at the hated Bat, while Rocha's partner, Alex Perez, left, rolls on floor with The Mummy.

Ex-wrestler Kuss believes that a referee has the right to use any means at his disposal to defend himself against both the wrestlers and the fans.

Shiek with a mighty knee boost. They cheered Carpentier, but they booed the referee.

Add to this the referee's problem with the wrestlers themselves. In baseball, as in almost every other sport, the referee's person is sacred. If a disgruntled batter so much as looks as if he were going to punch a finger into the umpire's chest . . . off to the showers. But many wrestlers see no reason why the referee should not be included in the excitement, and do not hesitate to point up their arguments with a solid forearm smash. Luckily, most referees are skilled wrestlers themselves, and well able to defend their persons.

The question is, why should they have to? Why do they stick at the dirty end of a sport that nets them so little appreciation? To find the answer, WR called on hulking Otto Kuss, a veteran third man of some 15,000 bouts. We found him in a downtown Houston gym watching some wrestlers work out.

"Otto," we said, "talk freely. You've been around longer than most referees, and you were a pro-wrestler yourself. Why do you put up with all the guff?"

"I love the sport," Kuss replied, "and I love the guys in it. They don't give me a hard time often, and when they do, I can handle it all right." We looked at Kuss' 6′4″ frame, his mountainous 250-pounds and nodded in agreement.

"It's the fans that gripe me," Kuss went on. "We haven't got eyes in the back of our heads. Sure, some guy sitting at ringside can see the fast ones we miss, because we can only watch from one angle at a time. Like in baseball, we can only call them the way we see them. Yet, when we call a foul everybody gets jumping mad.

"How do you protect yourself against a mob?" Kuss asked. "I can slug a wrestler who takes a shot at me, although I don't like to do it. But what can I do about the fan six rows back who tosses a beer can at me? I caught a full can of beer behind the right ear once, and it put me out for ten minutes. I've still got the scar. They tell me the crowd cheered when they carried me out of the ring."

Texan born-and-bred Marvin Jones came over at this point to say hello to Otto Kuss, and we took advantage of the situation to put the same questions to him.

"I'm a referee because I want to stay in the business," Jones said. "I'm fifty years old, and that's pretty old to shoot for the championship, so I turned to reff-ing."

Jones was a pro-wrestler for eighteen years. Would he take a chance on referee-ing if he didn't have that experience to back him up? "Not on your life!" said Jones.

Both men were emphatic about their biggest gripe. Nobody and nothing backs up the referee's decision but his own muscle. He makes all decisions on the basis of his own authority. Since every decision is bound to displease somebody,

Although this looks like comedy, at the time picture was taken tempers were boiling. The Bat had taken a punch at Kuss, who in turn threatened, with gestures, to fight back.

and many decisions displease everybody, the referee is bound to be a most unpopular fellow.

Too many wrestlers, they also feel, take turns at referee-ing. Since they all have their pet hates and likes among their fellow wrestlers, it's almost impossible for them to be unbiased. "We're professional referees," Jones said. "As long as we don't wrestle, why should wrestlers officiate?"

"The promoters like to hire wrestlers as referees", Kuss said, "because it helps the gates. The fans are curious to see how a guy will act when he's in the middle."

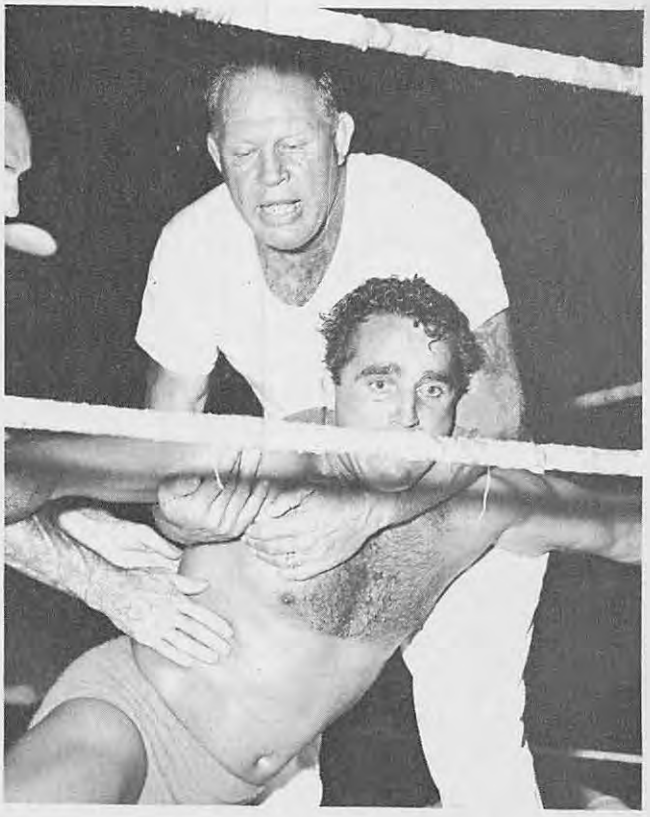
Now came the big question. What about disqualifications? Why will a wrestling referee let a mauler continually pull dirty tricks, warning him again and again, but seldom disqualifying him?

The substance of the answer was this: A disqualification brings a match to an unsatisfactory end. After all, the fans are there to see a display of guts and stamina, so a disqualification really proves nothing. Also, some of the worst offenders are considered heroes by the crowd, and it takes a really brave man to disqualify a hero. When Antonino Rocca was disqualified at Madison Square Garden for repeated assaults on an already-beaten Jerry Graham, the referee had to be escorted out of the arena by police with drawn pistols. Still, most referees show the kind of spunk they're supposed to by disqualifying a man when everything else fails.

Tag team matches are the worst. Since there are four men to control instead of only two, the referee is constantly on the firing line. It's almost impossible, Kuss pointed out, to watch the two men who are legitimately in the ring, to watch their partners who occasionally lend an illegitimate helping hand from the sidelines, and to decide whether or not a tag is properly made. "That's the worst of it," said Jones, "deciding on a fair tag! Everybody in the arena can see whether or not those hands touch better than the referee . . . or thinks he can, yet it's up to the referee to make the decision. If we decide wrong, we're likely to have all four wrestlers at our throats."

So, that's the picture of a wrestling referee . . . a superman who can defend himself against two or four angry mountains of manhood (or womanhood), and against a few thousand outraged fans, never losing his temper, and calling it as he sees it in a fair, unbiased manner.

Without referees, wrestling matches would be like eating liver without onions—flavorless.●



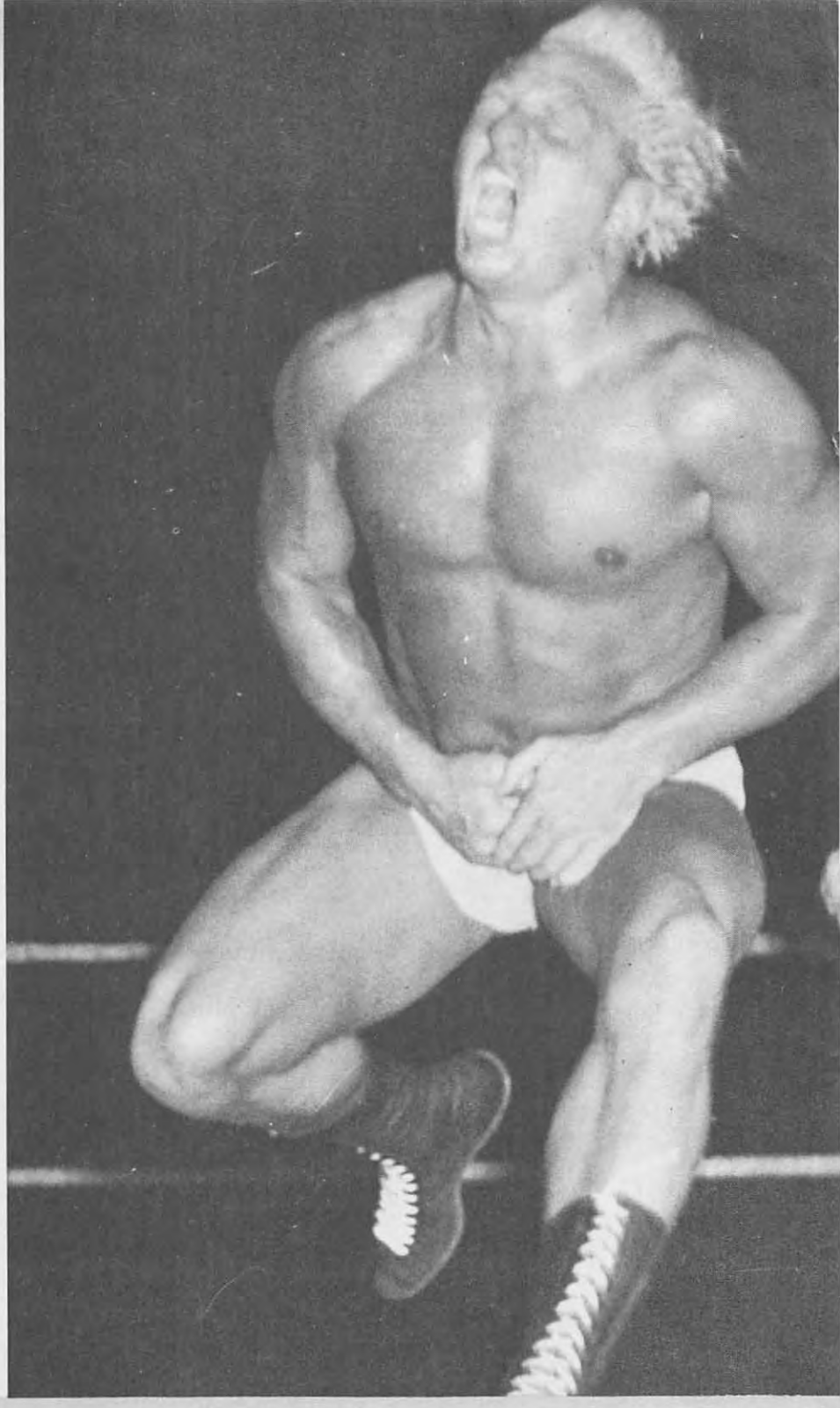
Marvin Jones, helping Jerry Kozak back to his feet, claims that the average fan doesn't realize how difficult it is to referee. "They hate us because they don't understand."

CHAMPION BUDDY ROGERS is a man with a long memory. He can even give you hold-by-hold descriptions of bouts that took place ten years ago. And Buddy is smart, too. Smart enough to know which guys to steer clear of. Guys like Pepper Gomez.

Rogers doesn't like to think of, let alone talk about, his bitter – and costly – battle with Gomez in Houston, Texas, back in 1959. Ask him about it and he'll shrug his enormous shoulders and walk away. Buddy, you see, doesn't like to think about losing bouts, and he lost to Pepper in 1959.

When Rogers won the title from Pat O'Connor in Chicago in 1961, the first official challenge tossed in his face came from Gomez. But the new champion dreamed up some feeble excuse and skipped town on the next jet.

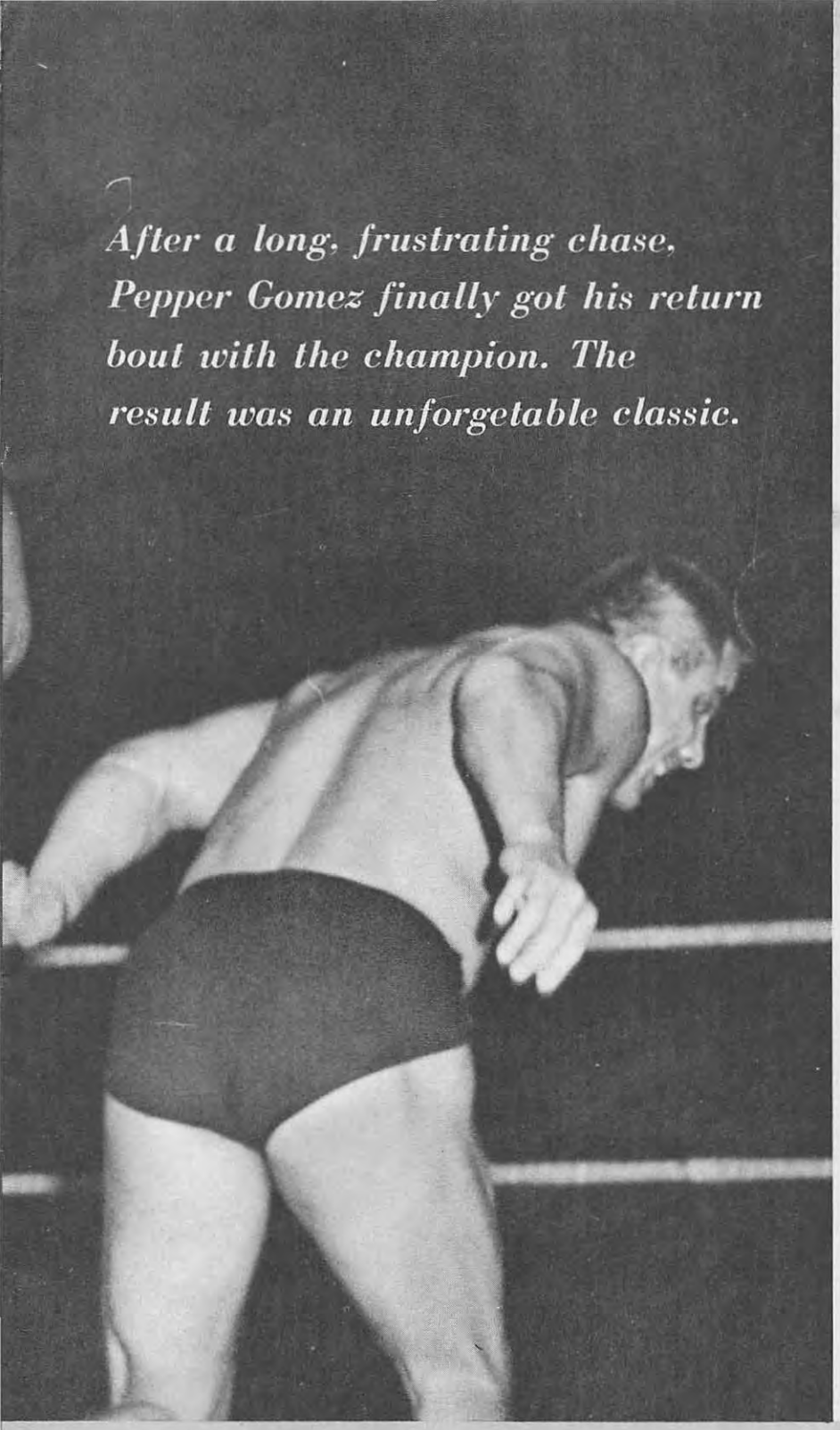
For the next eleven months Pepper kept hurling challenges and Rogers kept right on skipping. Said the frustrated Gomez, "It's not the money I'm after. All I want is to get Rogers in the ring again. I'll even give him my share of the purse and pay my own fare to any city in the country where he wants the match."



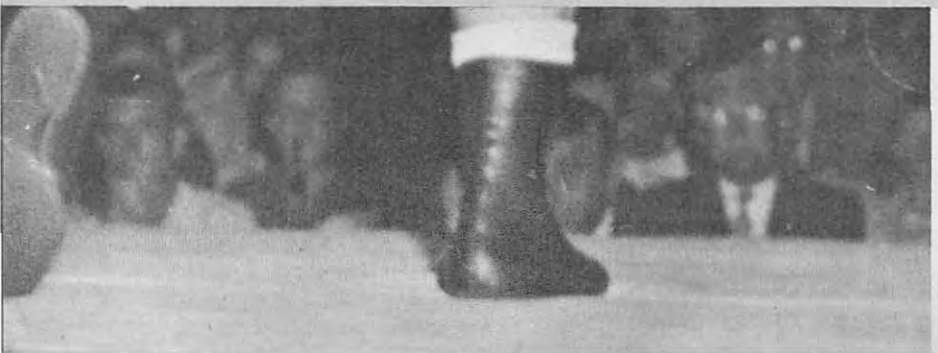
The Furious ROGERS -

BY BOB VERLIN

After a long, frustrating chase, Pepper Gomez finally got his return bout with the champion. The result was an unforgetable classic.



GOMEZ Battle



Pepper had, just about given up hope when Houston promoter Morris Sigel entered the picture. An old confident of Rogers', Sigel locked the champion in his office one afternoon and laid it on the line. "Buddy," Morris said in fatherly tones, "you have no choice. You've got to stop running and stand up to this kid. Your whole reputation is at stake. People are starting to call you a 'Cheese champion.' You're losing face! Another six months of this and you'll be through – even if you still have your title."

Rogers listened intently to the man he respects more than any other in the world. When Sigel finished talking there was a long silence as Rogers, locked in deep thought, stared out the window.

Then Buddy broke the silence, "Morris, you really think it's that serious?"

The promoter nodded, yes.

"Then I guess there's only one thing to do. Morris, make the match."

(continued on next page)

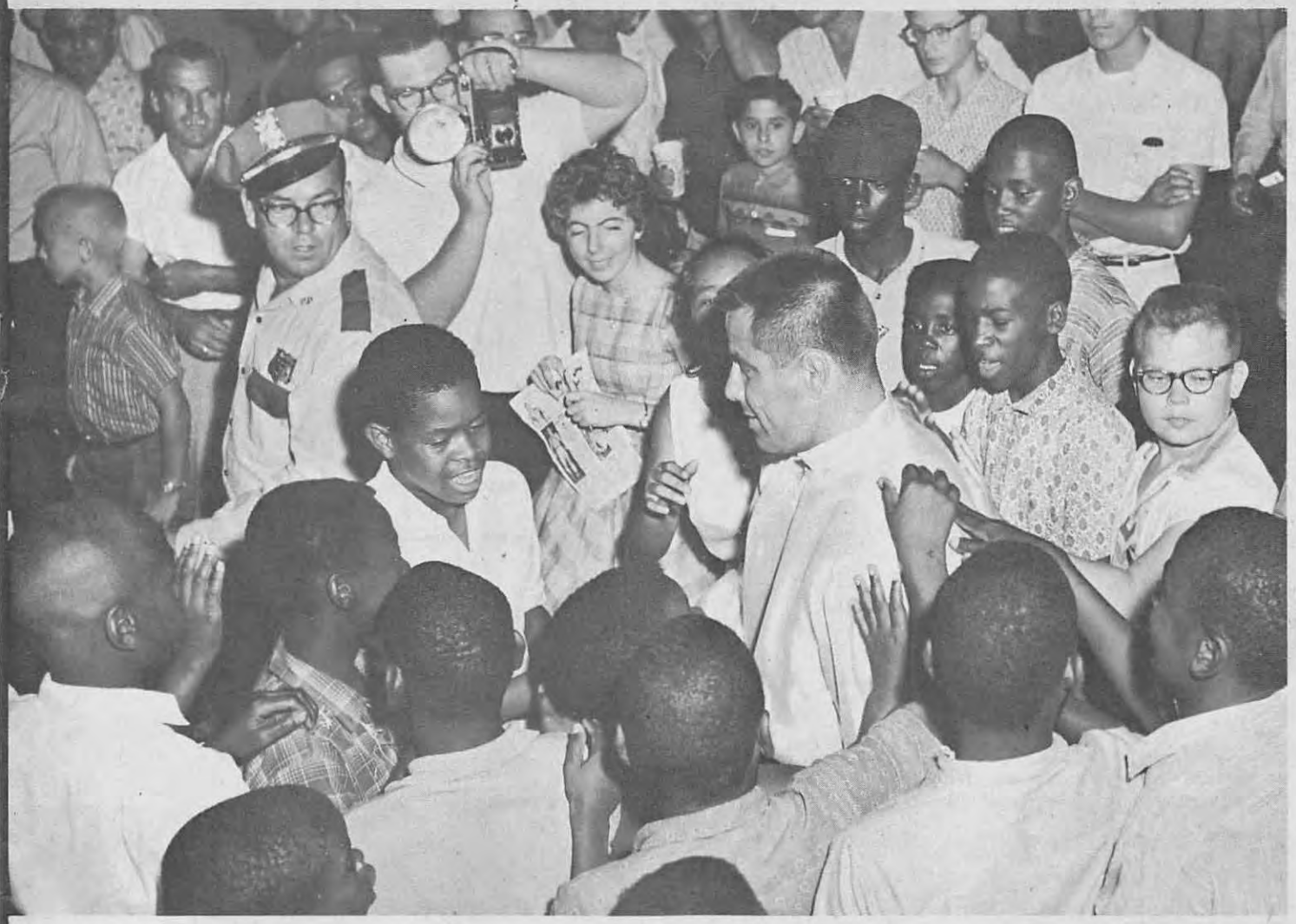
A confident Pepper Gomez arrives in Houston from Los Angeles for big title bout.

A few hours before he went to the arena, Pepper, right, had a glass of orange juice at Houston's Tideland's Club. With him are two longtime friends, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Green.

In private dressing room, Gomez pulls on his working shoes. It was about an hour and a half before ringtime.

Before match began, Pepper was honored with a gift from members of his fan club. Club secretary makes presentation.

Referee Otto Kuss, while holding Rogers' championship belt, announces to crowd that "This is a title bout."



Pepper's tremendous popularity is evident as he is swarmed by well-wishers and autograph seekers while heading for the ring.

In test of strength seconds after the bout began, Gomez, left, came out on top.

With that, Buddy left Sigel's office wondering whether he had done the right thing. But it was too late now. He was already committed.

On May 11, 1962, before a crowd of Gomez rooters – 9,324 strong – the strutting, blond champion stepped into the Sam Houston Coliseum ring in Houston for the match he had so long avoided.

From the opposite side of the ring, little Pepper Gomez eyed him with the hungry look of a starving wolf. Eagerness showed in every line of his muscular body – a little too much eagerness as later events proved.

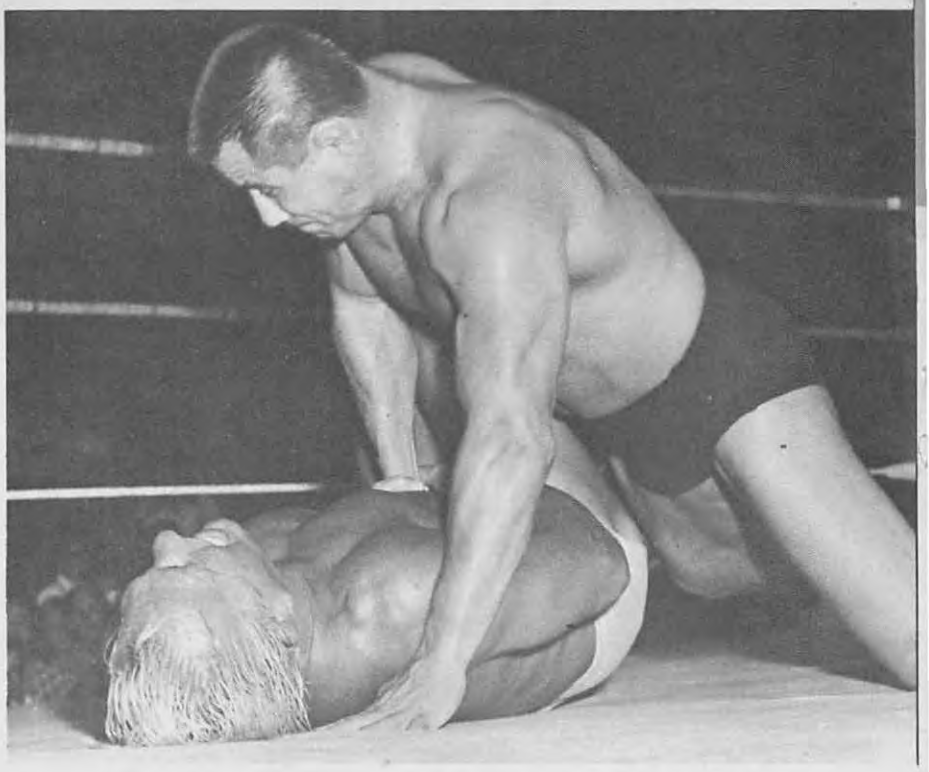
If the champion did have any fear of his challenger he didn't show it as he waded into Pepper and quickly won the first fall by taking advantage of Gomez' one weakness – his right knee, which has plagued him since the start of his career.

Pepper rebounded beautifully to take the second fall with surprising ease, thereby gaining new confidence. He took it with his newly-developed "Stomach Claw," which he applies with fingers of steel. If the stomach muscles are tensed, this hold has little effect. But an expert like Pepper has ways of making his opponent **relax** his muscles for that fraction of a second needed to secure the hold properly. In this case, the "way" consisted of a few fast jabs to Rogers' head. Then, WHAM-MO! the champion screamed in agony, doubled over and gave up the fall. It was several minutes before Rogers was ready to resume action, and then on unsteady

legs.

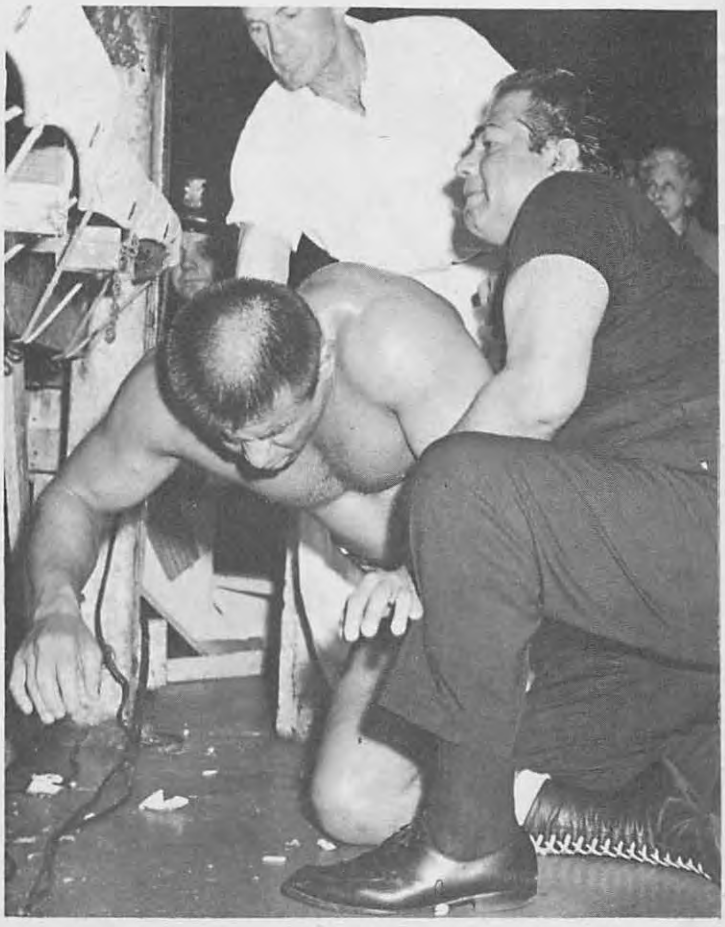
The third and deciding fall opened in an atmosphere of tense expectancy as the crowd sensed a new champion in the making. Rogers was still unable to hold himself up straight and he winced in pain with every movement of his body. Gomez, by contrast, looked fresh and his knee seemed sound as an oak tree.

Pepper leaped at the champion and was promptly met by a knee in the face. Stunned, Gomez dropped to the canvas. Quick to take advantage of the situation, Buddy punished the challenger with a series of stunning knee drops. Then, with a super human effort, Pepper rolled out of range and jumped to his feet.

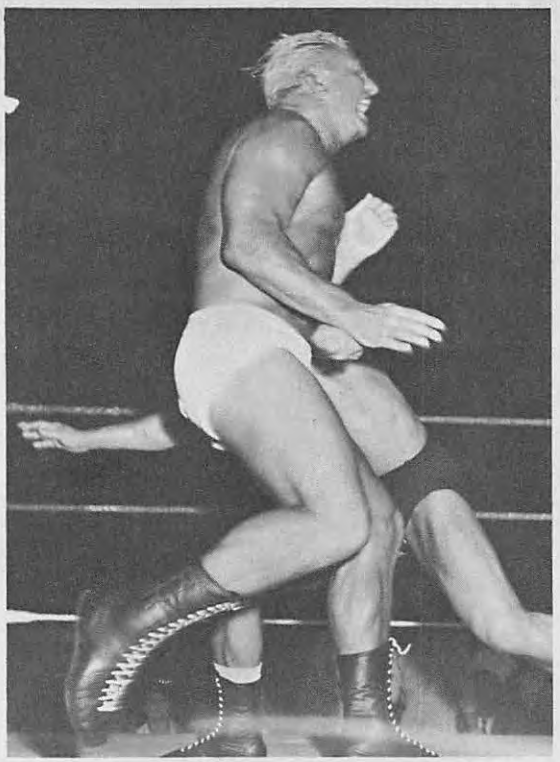


Pepper sends his fist crashing into Rogers' stomach with tremendous impact after Buddy had taken unfair advantage of a referee's break.

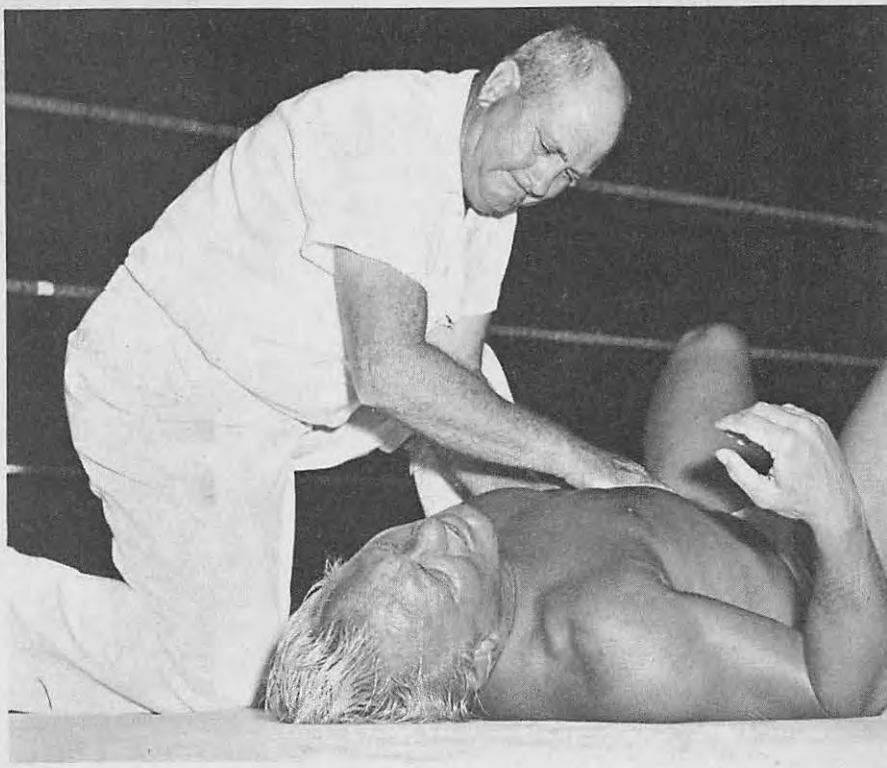
Enraged woman threatens Buddy with homemade club and what looked like a Voodoo doll when champ leaped out of ring to get away from Gomez.



After being catapulted out of ring, the defeated Gomez was aided by manager Blackie Guzman, right, and a friend.



Again Pepper (partly shown) strikes at the champ's body as action reaches the boiling point.



After losing the first fall, Gomez rebounded to take the second with a "Stomach Claw". Here Rogers grimaces in pain after quitting.

Although Gomez is a scientific type wrestler, when aroused he can turn into a 230-pound bundle of explosive fury. His face flushed in anger as he growled insults in mixed Spanish and English at Rogers. Then he lunged at the champion. This proved his fatal mistake.

Buddy quickly side-stepped Pepper's hurling body and with one hand vaulted him over the top ropes and out of the ring. Gomez landed with a sickening thump on the cold concrete floor and the crowd moaned. The dead game hero tried desperately to make it back into the ring before the fatal 20 second count, but he couldn't do it. When Rogers strutted from the ring a few minutes alter his championship belt was still wrapped around his trim waist.●

Pretty young Texan, Charlotte Ford, makes victory official by returning championship belt to Buddy.

BY WALTER MEADE

A GIRL'S DREAM Fulfilled

Lovely Fran Gravette is a girl who has always known what she's wanted. Her story should be an inspiration for young women everywhere.

FRAN GRAVETTE is the kind of girl a boy likes to take home to mother. She's quiet-mannered, courteous, and could entertain Ma for hours with tips on French-Canadian cookery. "Aha," Mom would say, "this is the girl I always prayed my boy would meet!"

Tall, willowy Fran Gravette dresses with the perfect fashion-sense of a French model. Her golden hair is immaculately set; her nails are highly polished; her speech is precise and grammatically accurate. At first glance, you'd agree with Mom. Fran is the perfect picture of a private secretary, perhaps, or the brains of a successful fashion firm.

Unless your Mother happened to be a wrestling fan, observing Fran at her profession might bring about a quick alteration in Mom's opinion. In the ring, Fran is five-feet-eight-inches of blonde dynamite, exploding into a whirlwind of frantic action. Her specialty is the drop-kick, spiced with a murderous head-scissors. Mom might admire Fran for her lady-like qualities, but in case of a domestic disagreement, we know who'd go running home to mother!

Fran Gravette comes by her athletic prowess honestly. Born

Canada's tough and experienced Brenda Scott tortures Fran with an arm twist during recent bout.

Gravette, in dark suit, is lightning fast and exceptionally strong for a girl her size (142 pounds). After a slow start, she gained the advantage over Scott.

While bending Scott's leg back with the weight of her own body, Fran makes Brenda cry out in pain as she applies pressure to face hold. Scott got free by grabbing ropes.

the daughter of a rancher, near Medicine Hat, Alberta, Fran spent her formative years growing up in the wild and rugged woodlands of Western Canada. She could put a horse through four gaits literally before she could walk.

Fran attended high school in Calgary, where her athletic superiority was instantly recognized. It was channeled, however, into a rather tame sport, but one which was considered proper for young ladies . . . field hockey.

But even in girls' field hockey, arguments will arise. Fran was wont to drop her hockey stick and win the argument with her fists. This quickly disqualified her for this gentle sport.

Fran's next excursion into competitive sports was through basketball. The game, properly played, is fast and rough. Fran liked it; she shone at it. Her speed and stamina won her a spot on the All-Western Canada hoop squad.

Between training sessions, Fran enjoyed visiting the school gym and working out as a student of jui-jitsu. It was here, Fran thinks, that her interest in wrestling was awakened. To this day, she spends a few hours in the local gym, wherever she may be, to sharpen her mat technique.

Visiting relatives in Little Rock, Arkansas, Fran was invited out on a double date. To the amazement of her escort, who had intended to take her to a symphonic concert, Fran suggested they visit Little Rock Auditorium to see some pro-wreslting matches. Fran was entranced by what she saw that night. Here was the ideal outlet for her strength . . . a hard, competitive sport that promised

Above: Gravette is flipped to mat by Scott's leg hold. Seldom is an experienced wrestler fooled by this maneuver.

Left: Fran, bottom, and Scott fell out of ring into the laps of delighted spectators. They never stopped clawing each other.

Below: Wham! Fran's right to the face sends Scott crashing to the mat with a resounding thud.

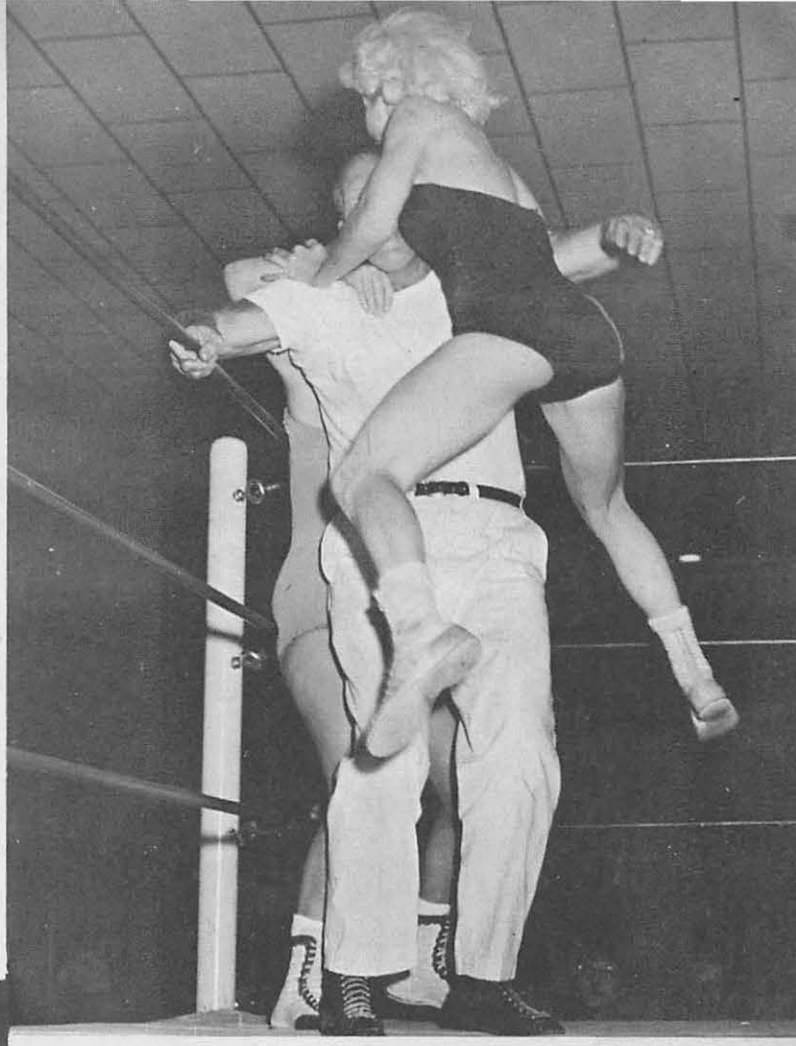
rich rewards.

She located a promoter who, believing that her looks as much as her skill would prove a good draw, matched her against Brenda Scott. Fran polished off Brenda to launch her fabulous career.

Out of the ring, Fran likes to indulge her hobbies of good music and books. She enjoys an occasional shopping spree, although her crowded schedule doesn't leave much free time. "That," Fran points out, "is the price you pay for success. You've got the means to really enjoy life, but there just isn't enough time."

"But," she's quick to add, "I'd give up everything for wrestling. I love it, and I want to stay at it until I've reached the top. Then, I want to buy a ranch like my Dad's and settle down raising horses."

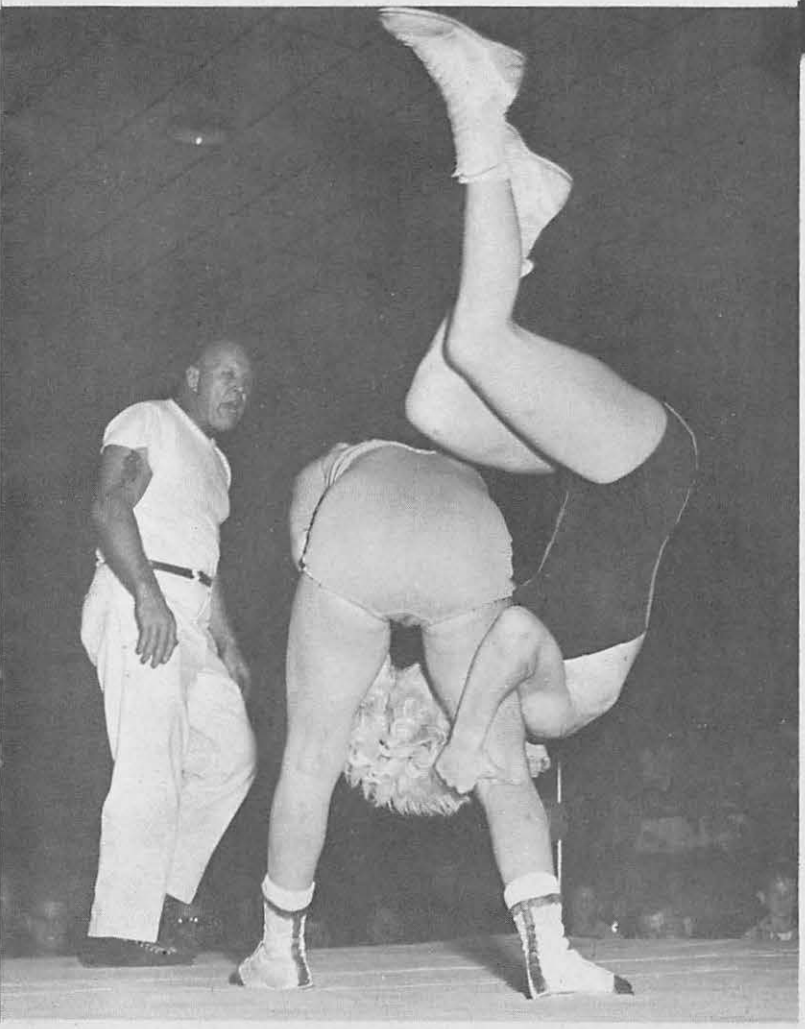
Fran's growing horde of enthusiastic fans hope her retirement is a long way off, because after all, there just aren't many like her around these days. ●



Above: Fran's long, slender legs are deceptively strong, as evidenced by this flying scissors delivered on Brenda Scott.

Right: Gravette makes wild dash for Scott, who ran behind the referee for protection. Fran then shoved the ref away.

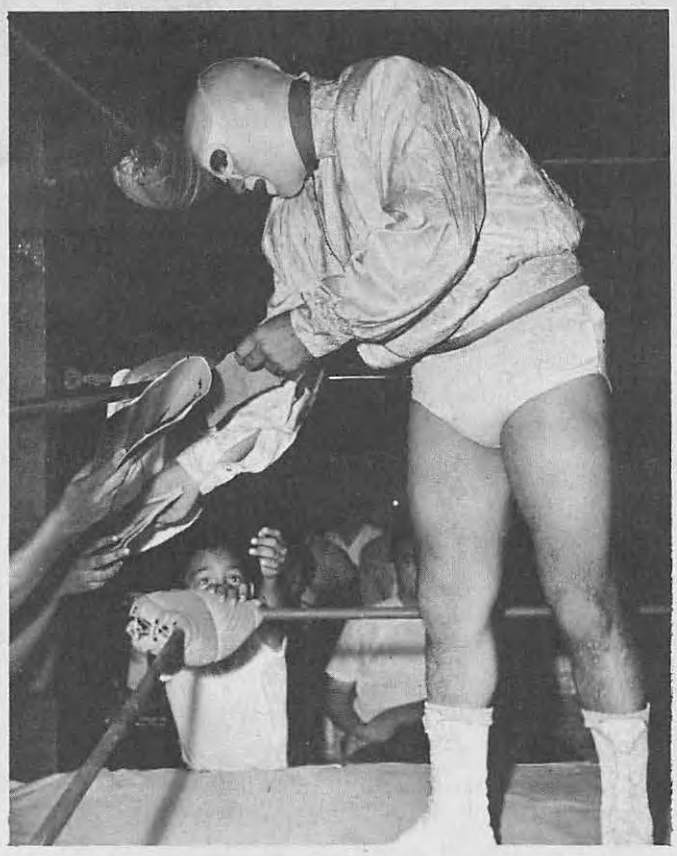
Below: Scott came back strong, but Fran wound up the eventual winner. Here Fran is upset by a flying headlock.



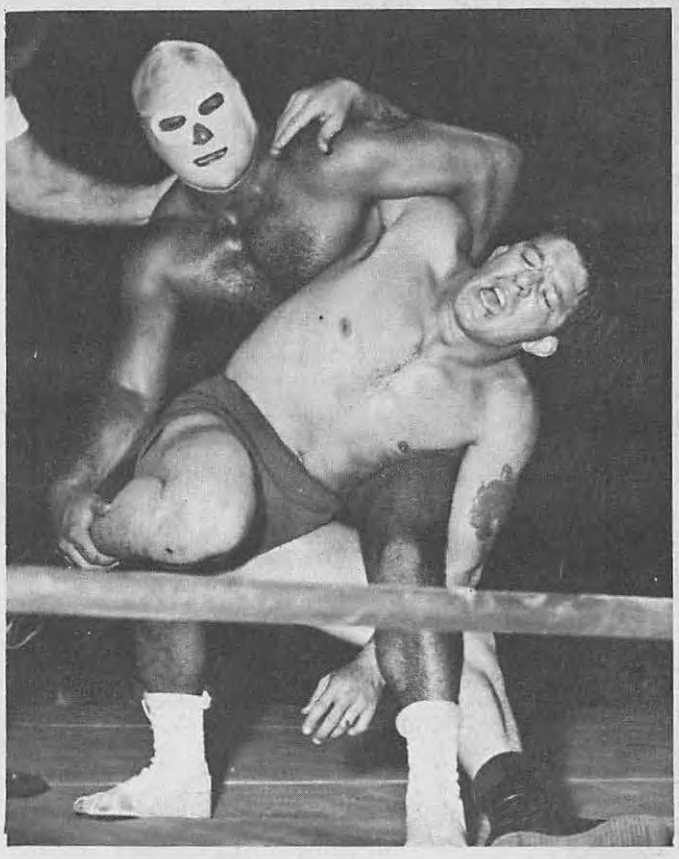
Child-lover Fran Gravette talks with a young fan who waited outside arena in Angleton, Texas.

The Man In The Silver Mask

BY BOB VERLIN



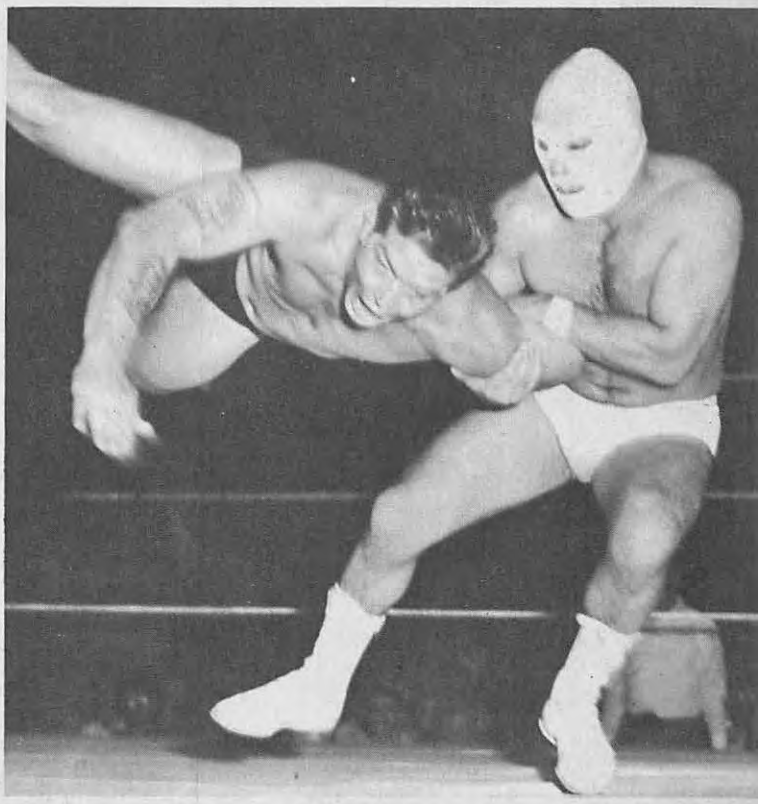
Anxious hands strain toward Blanco seeking to get the great man's cherished autograph. Rarely will he refuse a fan.



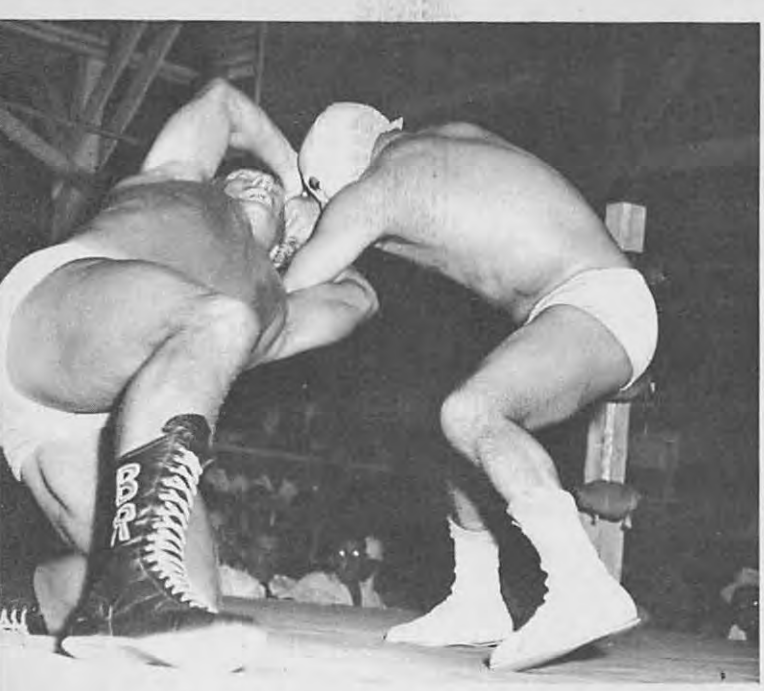
Although this is actually an abdominal stretch, Blanco calls it a "back-breaker". Victim here is Treacherous Phillips.

For some unknown reason, fiery Torbellino Blanco wants to hide his face from public view. But it really doesn't matter because this fabulous Mexican is an unsurpassed artist in the ring.

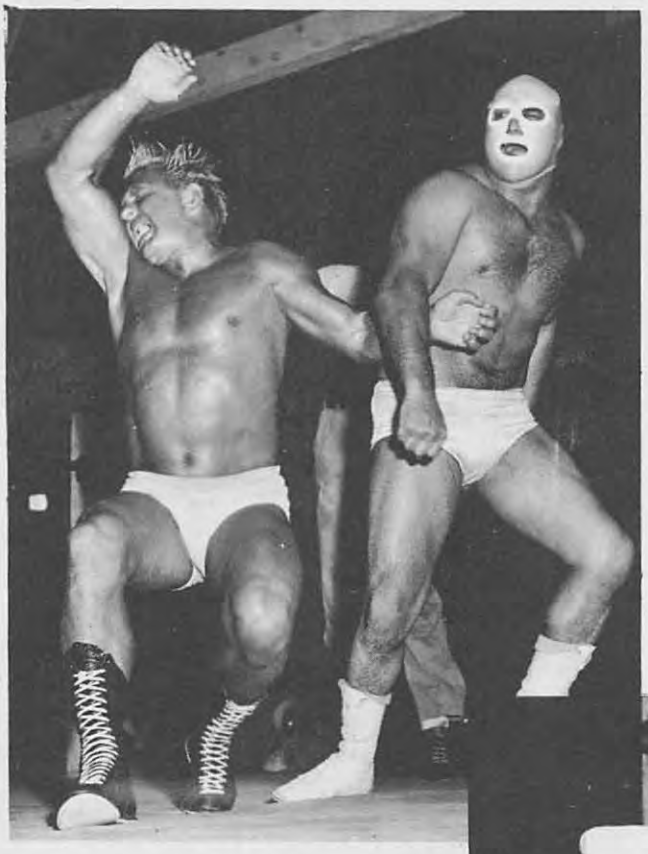
ABOUT 25 YEARS AGO, on a dirty little side-street in Guadalajara, Mexico, a little boy was caught stealing an apple from a fruit stand. The peddler grabbed the child by the scruff of the neck and angrily threw him down into the dust. Without mercy, the man started kicking the lad. At first, the youngster tried to scramble and roll away from the vicious blows, but when a toe caught him in the ribs, he lost his head. Although scarcely 9 years old, the boy turned on his assailant with anger flashing in his dark eyes. When once more the foot lashed out at him, the lad grabbed it like a bulldog and threw his modest weight into heaving the man off balance. His ankle wrenched, the fat peddler



Torbellino sends Phillips flying around the ring with one of his pet holds, the "whip whirl", which won the match for him.



Blanco brings champion Buddy Rogers to the mat with an armlock during title match at Corpus Christi, Texas, last May.



With angry snarl that can be seen through his mask, Blanco lashes back at Rogers and sends him reeling with a blow on the head.

His bout with Rogers ended unexpectedy and to the disappointment of the crowd when Torbellino hurt his right knee.

crashed to the ground in pain.

When the dust cleared, the boy was gone, and the crowd that had gathered was laughing enthusiastically at the sight of a grown man beaten by an undersized, undernourished, schoolboy.

The lad who proved himself a man that day is still tossing around men who are his physical superiors. But now, he does it for a living. For that little Mexican apple thief of 25 years ago grew up to become wrestling's Silver Satin Slayer — Torbellino Blanco.

A popular hero in the Southwest, where many of his fellow countrymen have migrated to work, Blanco has a following that rivals that of Rocca and Rogers. When the Silver Satin Slayer appears, it is strictly standing room only.

And if his silvery satin mask and cloak are not enough to excite a crowd, his wrestling style is. His movements are highly unorthodox, and an opponent never knows what is coming next. Blanco cheerfully concedes as much as 75 pounds weight to an opponent, and thinks nothing of it. When the heavier man thinks he's got the best of the masked Mexican, Blanco wriggles out of trouble and starts his own attack — an offensive that Pancho Villa would have been proud of.

Street fighting in Mexico's back alleys has paid off for Torbellino. Fighting for survival is good training for the wrestling ring.

"When we were kids", says Blanco, "we had to fight to stay alive. If we wanted enough food to keep from starving, we had to fight for it. It was the losers who went hungry. We were poor people — Americans can't believe how poor we really were. I'm still fighting for food. But now I do it in the ring."

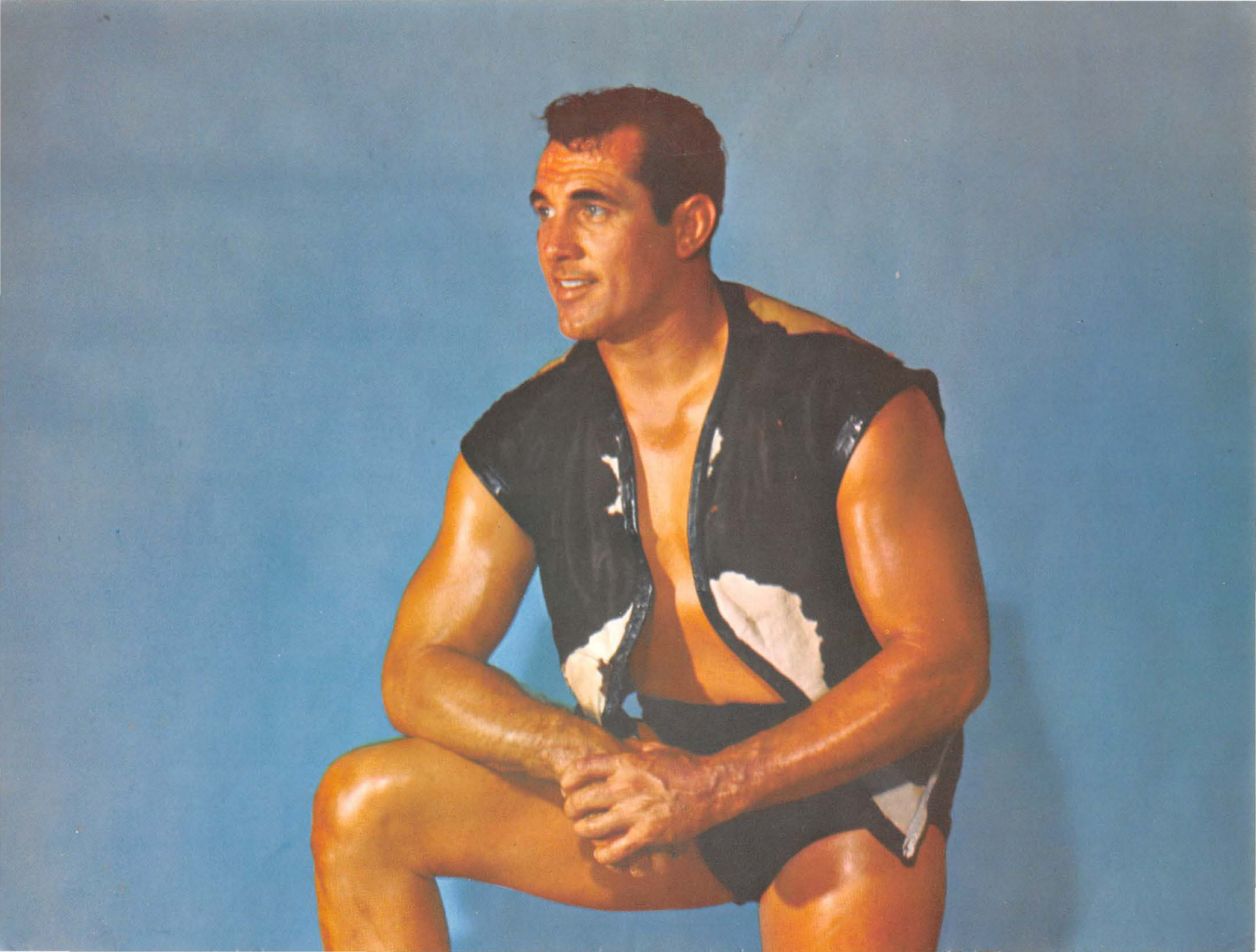
What Blanco doesn't say, however, is that he enjoys mopping the mat with his foes. To see him lace into somebody with a flying mare, or put the screws to a full nelson, is to watch a guy who

Sympathetic kids console Blanco as he heads for dressing room.

Right: The dejected loser packs his bag before leaving arena.

loves his work. Even though he wears a mask, you can see the fire in his eyes and the occasional grin. Blanco is an expert, and like a fine craftsman, he takes enormous pride in his work. And to his way of thinking, the best proof of a job well done is when his opponent is carried from the ring on a stretcher.

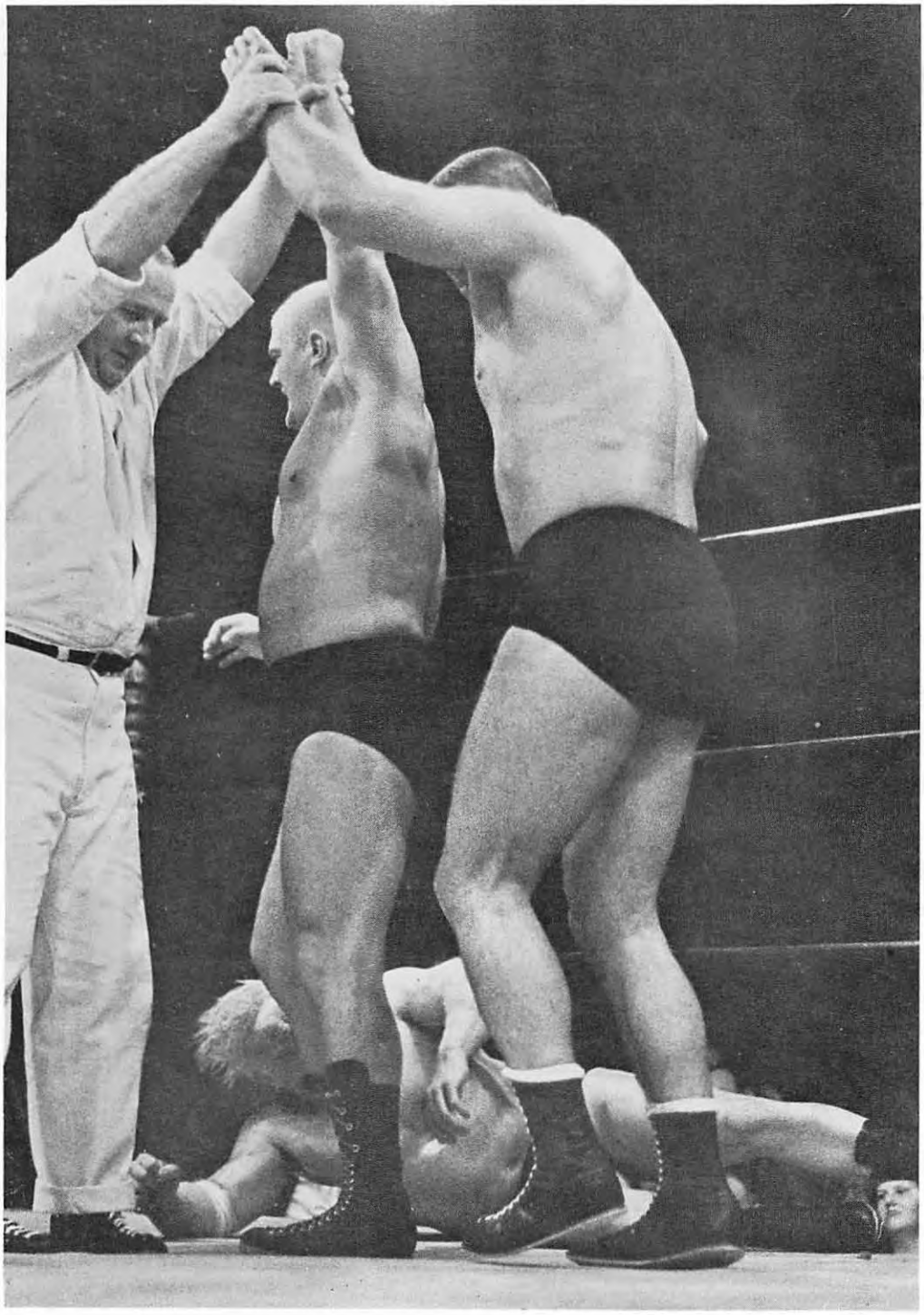
Torbellino Blanco, the Silver Satin Slayer from Mexico, is one of the most dangerous men in wrestling. He can't seem to understand that his business is also a sport. His instincts keep telling him that if he doesn't win, there will be no food on the table, and he battles like o cornered jaguar. Since there are very few guys who can beat him, it is doubtful if Torbellino will ever go hungry again. •



"COWBOY" BOB ELLIS

WRESTLING REVUE'S PIN UP SERIES / NUMBER 9

Worried Bruiser tenderly examines cut over Snyder's right eye after he saved Wilbur.

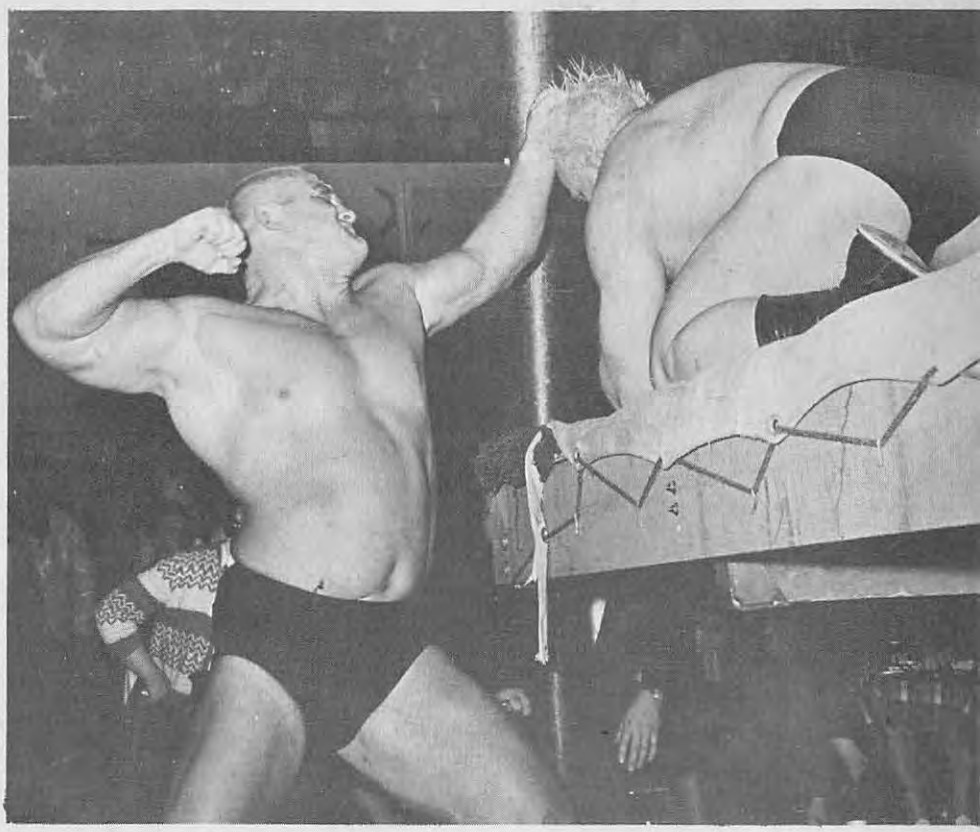


In their first bout as a team, Bruiser, left, and Snyder were declared the winners over the Neilson brothers after wild bout in Indianapolis.

THE ALLIANCE THAT SHOCKED THE MAT WORLD

If two direct opposites like the Bruiser and Wilbur Snyder can join together into a team, there is still hope for this troubled world of ours

Art Neilson kicks at Bruiser trying to prevent him from getting back into ring.



Fed up with Neilson's kicking, Bruiser suddenly pulled Art down within range and clobbered him—but good! Then he stepped over Art and back into the ring.

ONE OF THE MOST DELIGHTFUL aspects of professional wrestling is the frequency with which the impossible happens. Take, for example, the recent uniting of two famous arch rivals, Wilbur Snyder and the Bruiser, into a team.

It just didn't make sense. Snyder lives — and works — strictly by the book; honorably, scientifically. Bruiser, on the other hand, is exactly what his name implies — a savage mauler who generally leaves his unfortunate victims tattered as battle flags.

Normally, the "book" boys prefer to join forces with their fellow purists in the common cause. They feel more at ease that way because they never have to worry about getting a foot (or a knife) in the back.

As for the brutes, they too prefer togetherness. Intent only on destruction, they are joined to one another by a common bond that is fused by violence.

Wilbur Snyder and Bruiser, coming from opposite ends of the pole, have, over the years, engaged each other in about two dozen life-death battles, with neither establishing a definite superiority. But with each succeeding match the hatred increased. It finally got to the point where they were at each other's throats if they chanced to meet on the street or in a hotel lobby.

So it was quite understandable why the public was shocked to the point of disbelief when Bruiser and Snyder announced their new partnership in Indianapolis one night last February.

"It'll never last," snapped one veteran sports writer. "You wait and see. Instead of ganging up on the opposition those two guys will be clobbering each other!"

How this strange union came into being is just as unlikely as the fact itself. Bruiser had finished with his foe of the night, leaving him moaning in agony on the floor. Convinced that the poor guy was more dead than alive, Bruiser vaulted the top rope and headed for the dressing room. On the way he got his usual bombardment from the angry crowd.

"Ya fouled him, ya bum! Drop dead!"

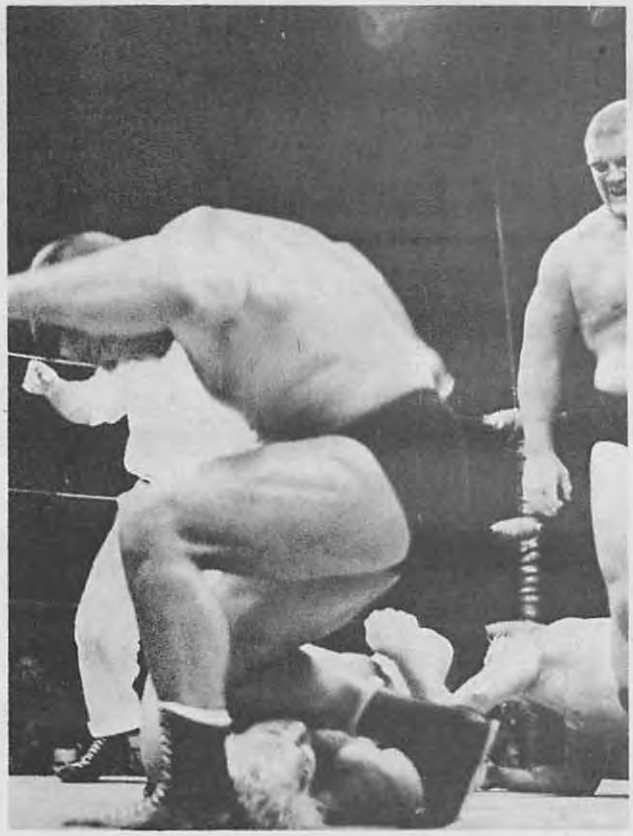
Bruiser spotted the fan who was yelling the loudest and made a dash for him. Only quick interference by Indianapolis Coliseum special police saved the poor fellow who, by this time, was cringing timidly under his seat. He was still cringing when Bruiser finally disappeared into the dressing room some minutes later.

After a short intermission, handsome Wilbur Snyder, winner of WRESTLING REVUE's Popularity Poll (April/62), stepped into the ring for his match with towering Hans Hermann, a man of violence and, naturally, a good pal of the Bruiser. Nobody in the big crowd appeared surprised by the announcement that Herman would be seconded by another of Bruiser's buddies, and a "Club" member in good standing, 270-pound Fritz Von Erich.

"Aw, Wilbur can whip both them lugs with one hand tied behind his back," commented a ringsider.

So the good people of Indianapolis settled back in their seats to enjoy what they figured would be an exciting but

The ring comes alive with flying, swinging wrestlers as the new team attacks Neilsons.



Snyder delivers murderous knee-drop across Stan Neilson's throat as Bruiser (standing at right) watches approvingly.

Photographer captures exact moment of impact

rather routine match. They hoped, of course, that justice would prevail. And it did, but not before the whole place was rocked in turmoil.

After Hermann belted, gouged, kicked and bled Wilbur, Snyder rebounded, like a good guy should, and made Hans cry "Uncle!" as he suffered the tortures of Wilbur's famous "Abdominal Stretch."

As the victorious Snyder stood in mid-ring happily blowing kisses to the delighted guys and dolls, he neglected to look behind him, as one must always remember to do whenever there is a member of "The Club" within striking distance. Had he been more alert, Wilbur might have spotted Von Erich sneaking into the ring, and he might not have been knocked cold by the chair Fritz was wielding around like a club.

The crowd was almost as stunned as Snyder. But they hadn't seen anything yet.

All of a sudden, who should come barrelling out of nowhere and into the ring but the fiery-eyed Bruiser. Everybody in the Coliseum jumped to the same conclusion. The three of them — "Club members" Bruiser, Von Erich and Hermann were going to make certain that poor Wilbur would never get up. That's when it happened.

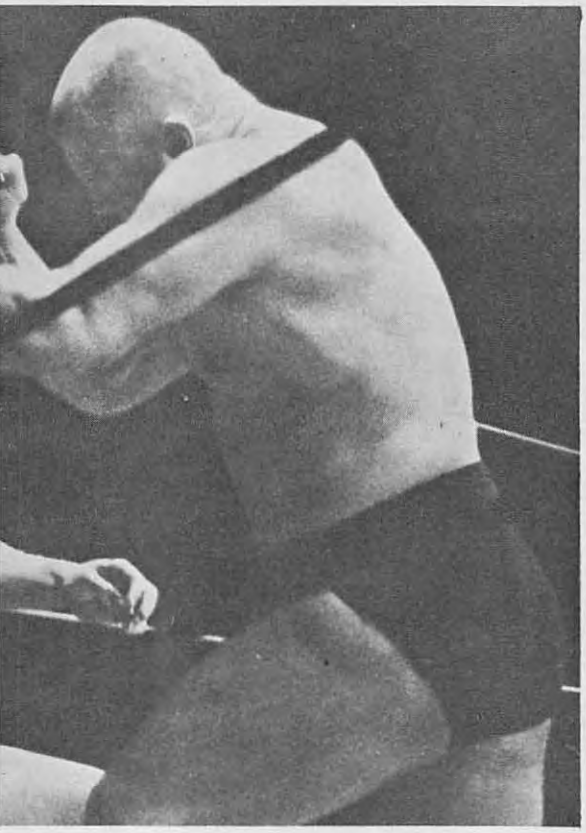
Bruiser leaped over Snyder's limp form like an Olympic hurdler and caught the astonished Von Erich with a smashing right on the nose. The German's knees sagged drunkenly. But Bruiser didn't wait for Fritz to fall. He made sure of it by smacking him again. Then he switched his furious attack to Hermann, who had been standing by watching, mouth open in amazement. Hans wound up draped over Von Erich's body like a wet towel.

What would Bruiser do next? Every pair of eyes in the arena were focused on the snarling wrestler as he walked over to where Snyder lay, bent over him, then helped Wilbur to his feet. Still leery, many in the crowd thought Bruiser had picked Snyder up just so that he could knock him down again. But he seemed gentle as a breath of fresh air. He whispered words of encouragement into Wilbur's ear, then worriedly examined the deep cut in his forehead.

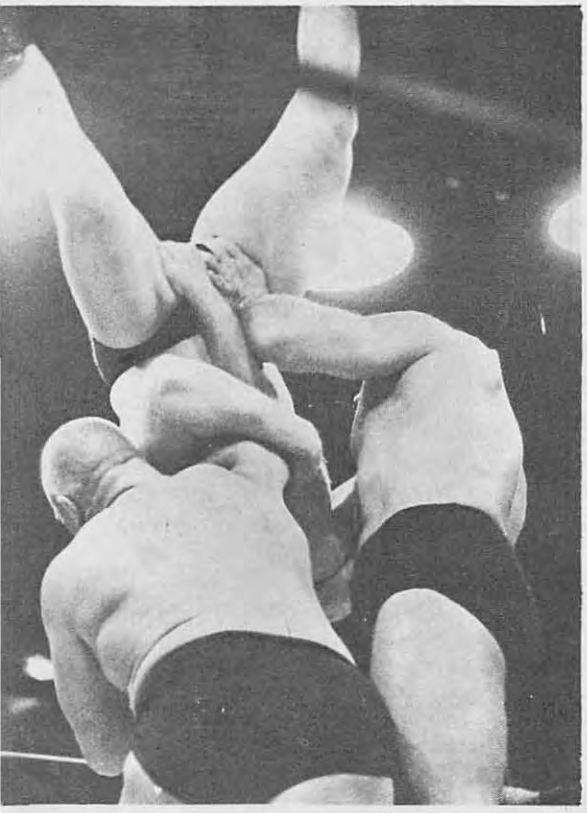
Slowly the crowd realized what was happening before their eyes. The bizarre turnabout had become a reality and a strange new tag team was beginning to take form.

Explained Bruiser, "I'm as rough and tough as any man in the world — probably tougher! In my time I've used chairs, ring steps and anything else I could lay my hands on to win bouts. It's my business to win. But I never sneaked up behind a guy and hit him with a chair. In my book, that stinks! From now on Wilbur will always be my friend."

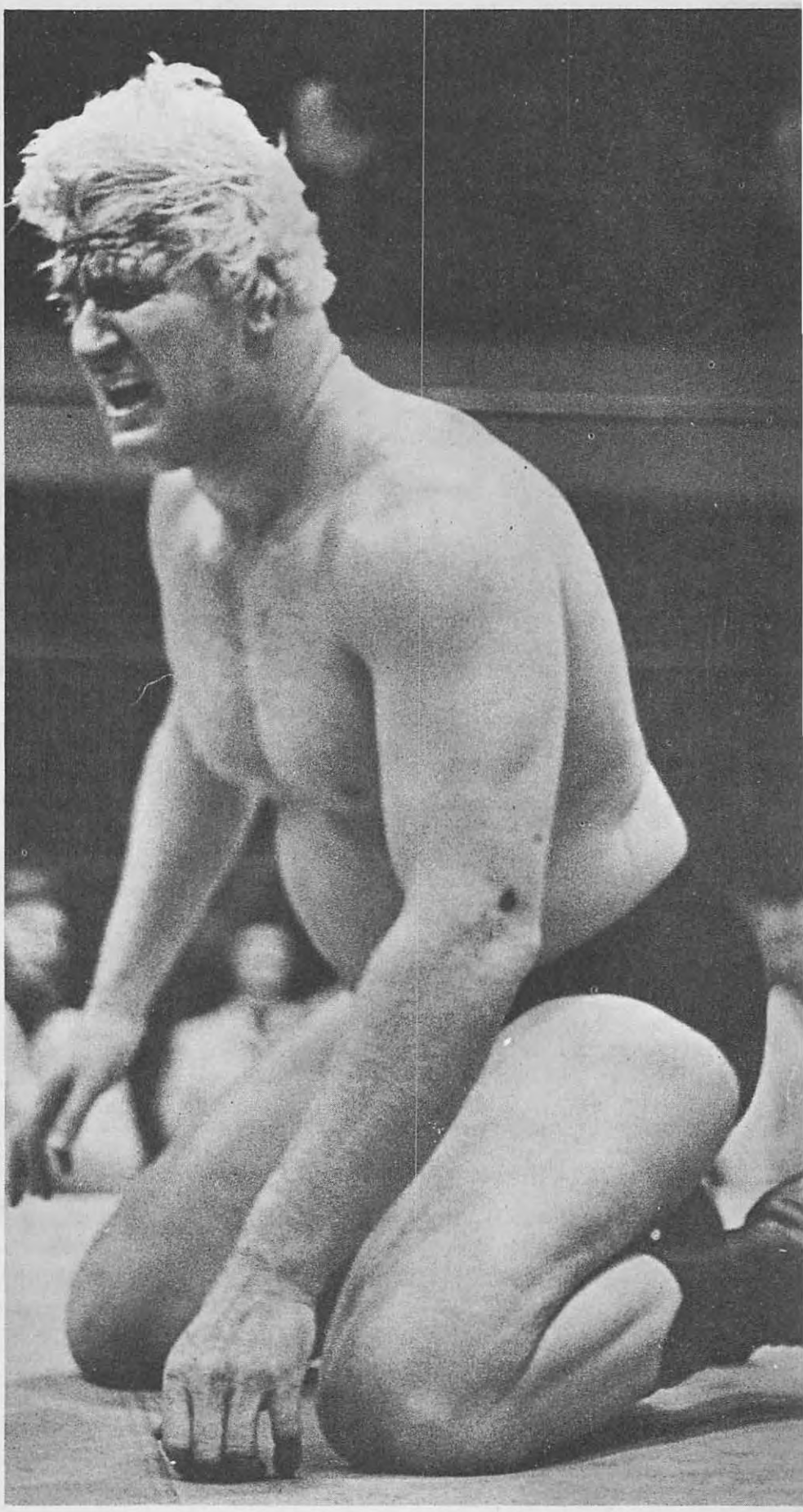
We wish Bruiser-Snyder all the luck in the world. But it's going to take a long time for us to get used to seeing their names side by side on the same program without being separated by a "VS". ●



as Bruiser's fist smashes against Art's forehead, ripping flesh and drawing blood.

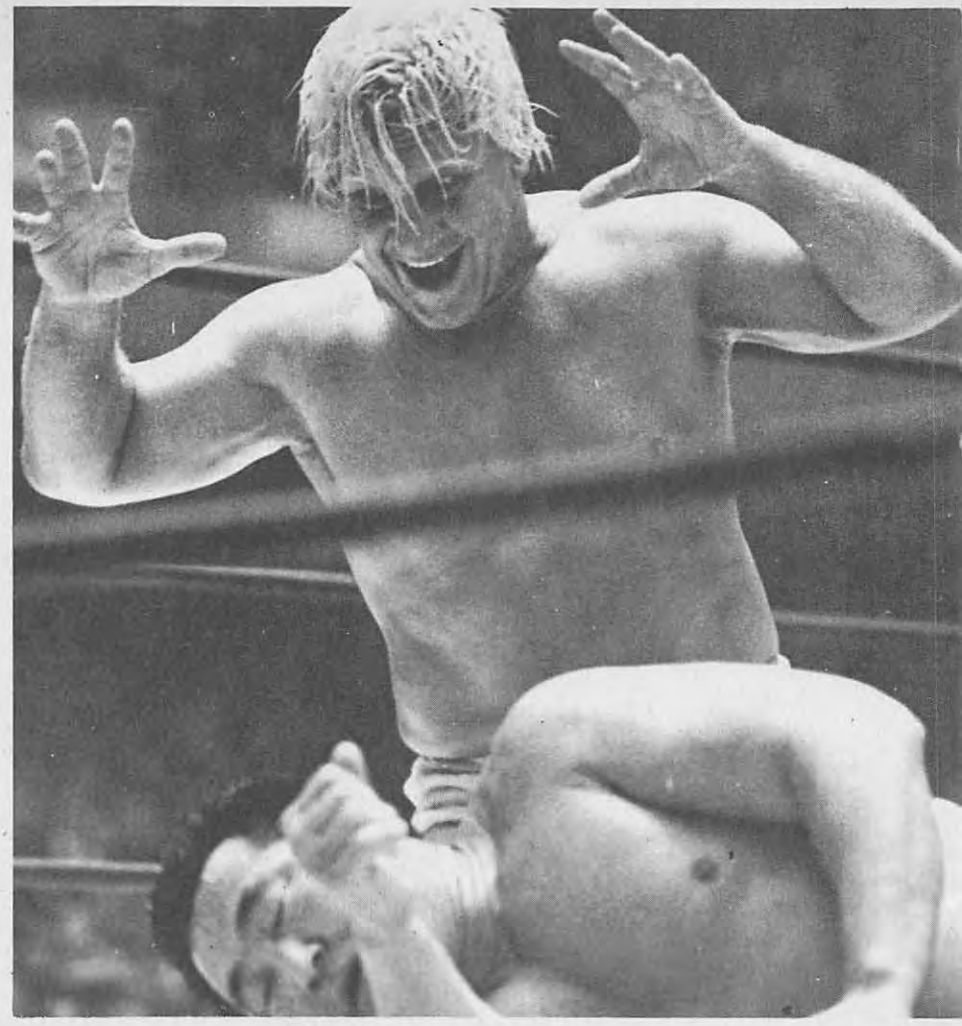


Demonstrating perfect teamwork, Bruiser and Snyder lift Art Neilson high in air.



After being battered with a vengeance by the new team, Stan Neilson rests in the center of the ring wondering what happened and where everybody went.

Everybody knows that the famous Japanese ace whipped firey Freddie in Los Angeles last March. But what few Americans know is that one month later, half a world away, these same two engaged in a furious return battle.



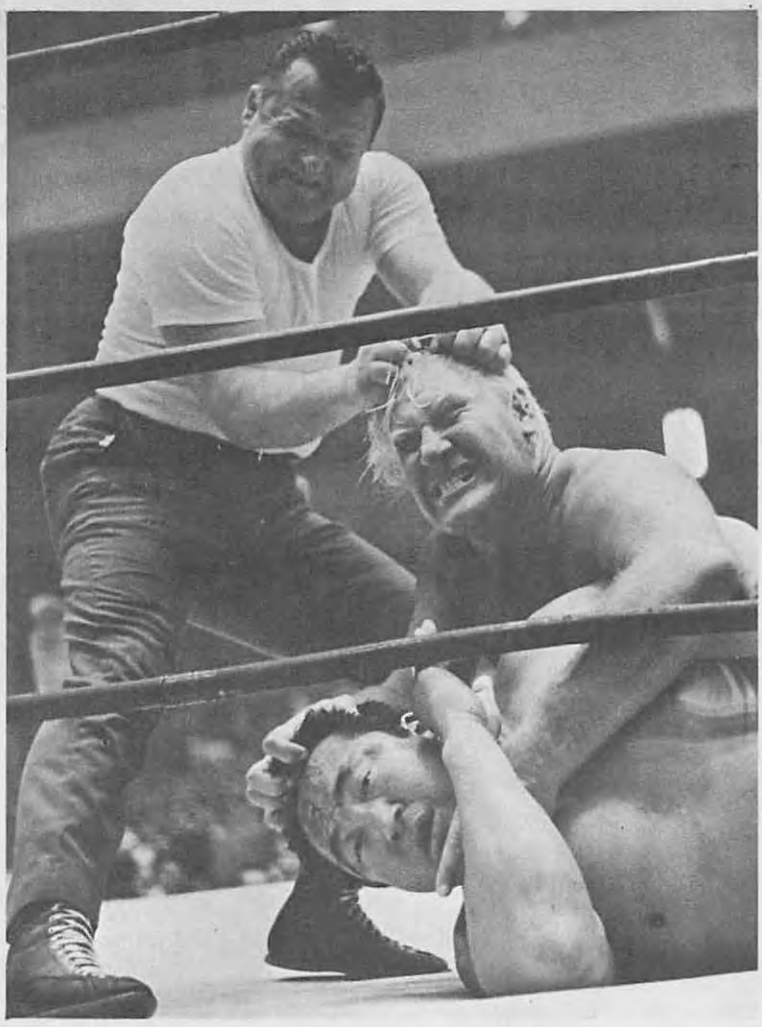
Looking like the Vampire he was supposed to be, Blassie takes aim at his victim's exposed neck and gets ready to do some blood sucking.

That Second Blassie - Rickidozan

ON MARCH 28, 1962, in Los Angeles' historic Olympic Auditorium, Japan's favorite wrestler, 250-pound Rickidozan, scored the upset of the year when he toppled blond, rip snortin' Fred Blassie to gain recognition (in California) as world champion. Because of its furious pace and generous amount of blood-letting, the bout was highly publicized throughout the U.S. A national news magazine, which has long thumbed its snooty nose at pro wrestling, went so far to publish a two column photo of the snarling Blassie chewing a chunk out of Ricki's ear. All in all, it was a bout Los Angeles mat fans will not soon forget.

What is little-known in U.S. mat circles, however, is that exactly one month after that Los Angeles bloodbath, Blassie and Rickidozan locked horns in a bitter return bout half a world away. On April 28th, in Tokyo's vast Metropolitan Gymnasium, 15,000 wildly-cheering Rickidozan rooters, keyed up by the films they had been shown of the Los Angeles match on television, yelled for Blassie's head.

They had watched with disgust and rage



Referee Arnold Skaoland, a skillful wrestler in his own right, pulls Blassie off the badly stunned Rickidozan.

Bloodbath

the spectacle of Blassie digging his teeth into various parts of their hero's anatomy until the ring ran red with blood. And when the blond American arrived in Japan he was greeted with a new name **Chisuikomori,** which in English means Vampire.

When Fred stepped into the ring he was greeted by a rhythmic chant of **CHISUIKOMORI! CHISUIKOMORI!** Not able to understand, Blassie leaned over the rope to come within earshot of an American correspondent. "Hey," the burly wrestler shouted, "What in hell are these monkeys saying?" The reporter grinned. "They're calling you a Vampire."

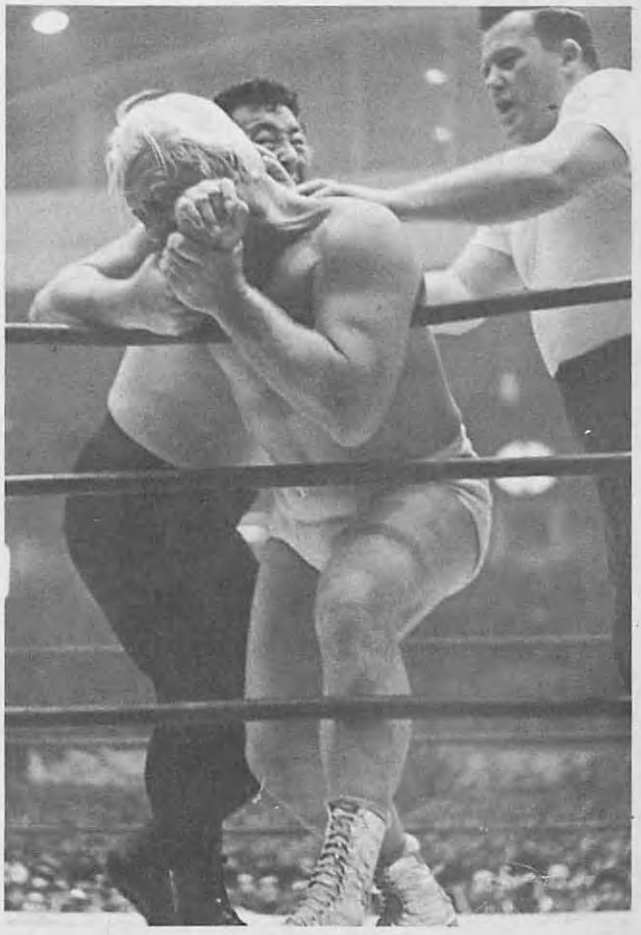
"Oh," Fred muttered with a puzzled look on his face.

The match lasted an hour, with local hero Rickidozan the eventual winner. Had it been any other way it is doubtful if Blassie would have been permitted to leave the place any way but in a coffin.

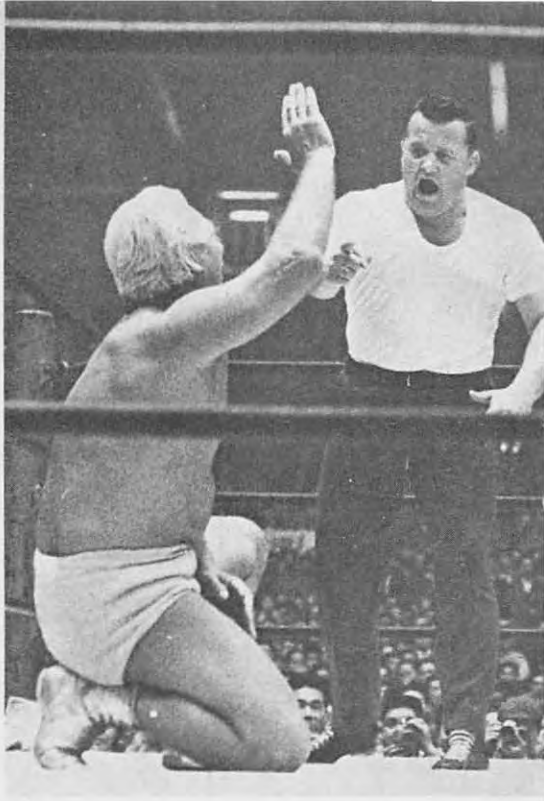
Rushed over to a waiting microphone to say a few words to the millions of TViewers, happy Ricki gushed, "Blassie is a good man. I was lucky to beat him. And," Rickidozan added as he mopped away some of the blood that gushed from the deep wound in his head, "Fred is named well. He really is a **Chisuikomori.**

(please turn the page)

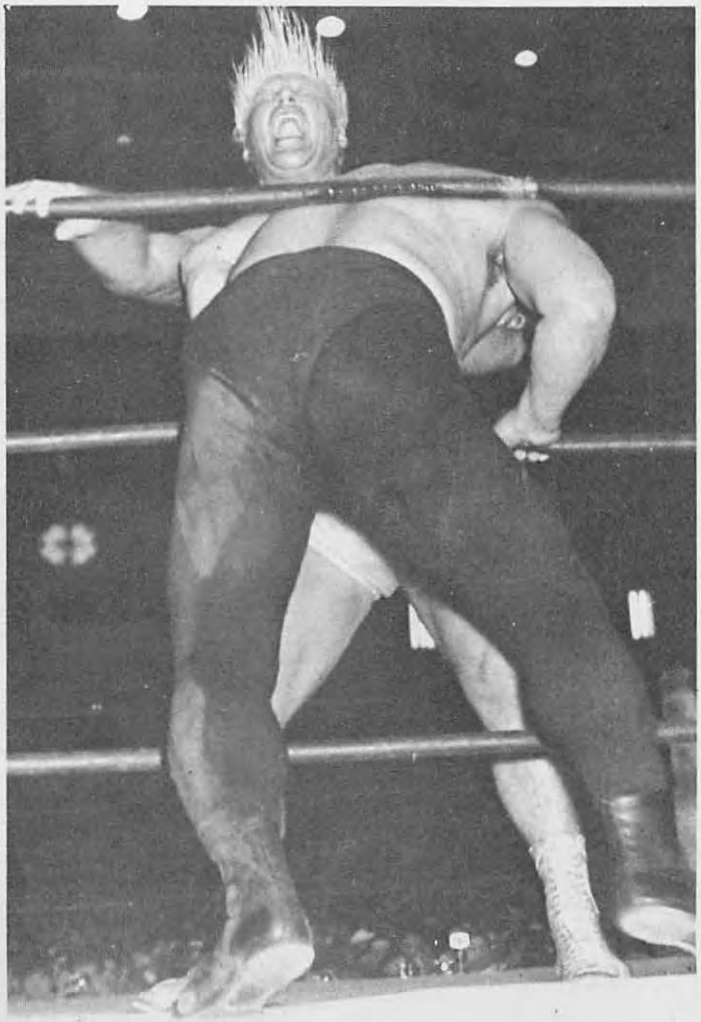
Blassie used his teeth throughout the savage match a lot more than he used his hands. Here Rickidozan's wrist is Freddie's target. After the match, some fifteen different imprints of Blassie's teeth were found on the Japanese wrestler's body.



Referee Skaoland starts to count when Blassie refuses to obey his order to release Rickidozan who was tied in the ropes. The local wrestler took a frightful battering from the American during first half of bout.

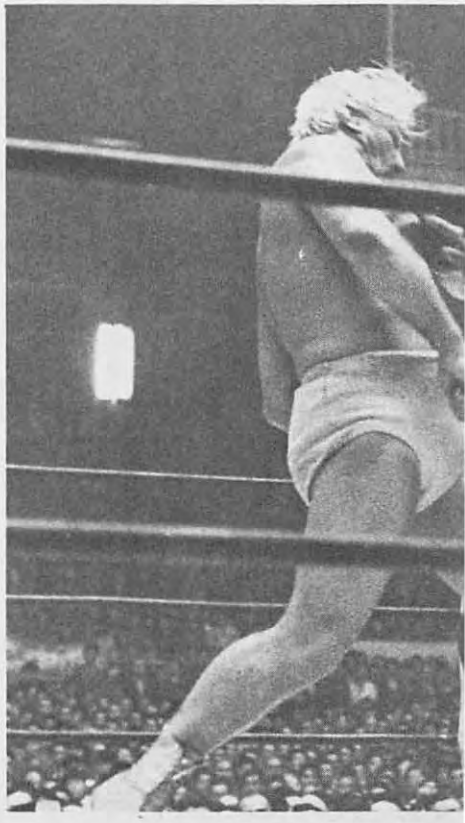


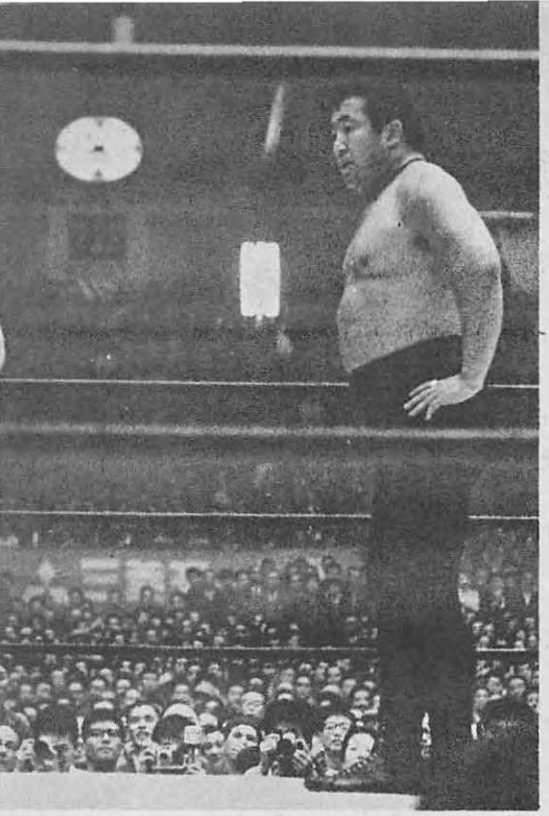
Blassie drops to his knee and takes an oath to Skaoland that he is not using foul tactics intentionally. Rickidozan, listened to Fred

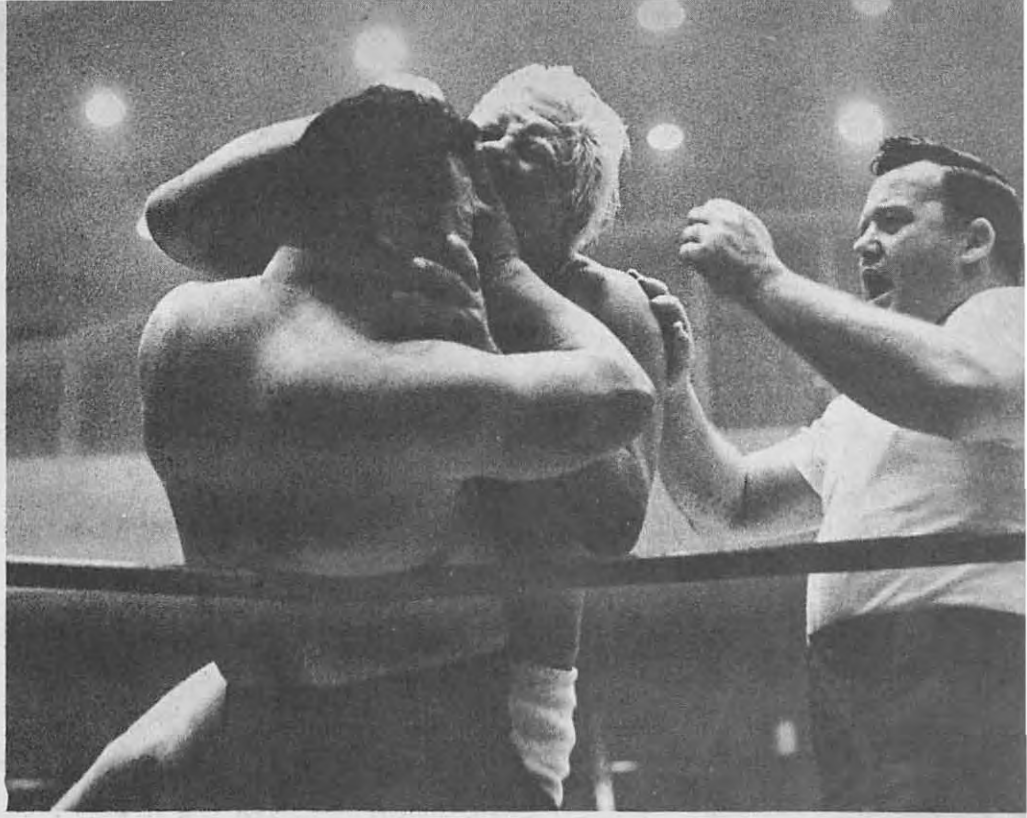


As the match headed for the grand finale, Blassie, slowed by the lightning fast pace, sought refuge on the ring apron. But Rickidozan didn't let him rest. Here a smashing shoulder block sends Fred's hair shooting straight up as if charged with electricity.

Here Rickidozan finally comes alive to the delight of his army of followers. A stunning judo chop across the throat stops Blassie



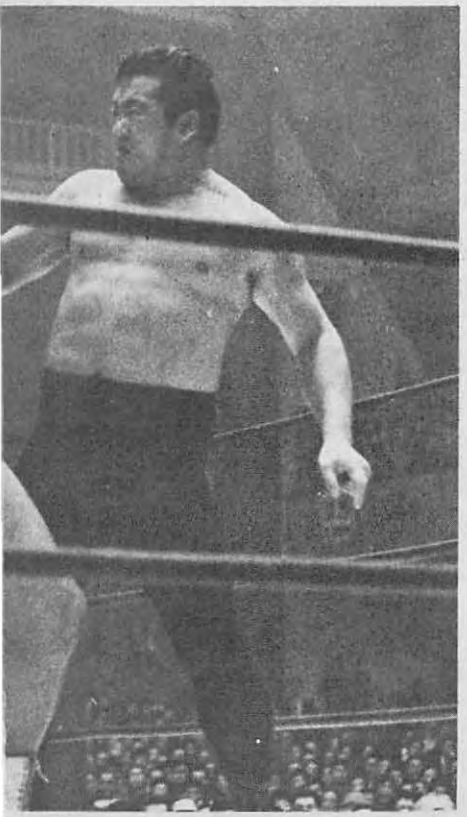




for a few moments and then muttered, "How can he lie that way?" When Blassie got up, he stuck his finger in Ricki's right eye.

After one of his short punches broke the skin on Rickidozan's forehead, Blassie tried to open the cut still more by biting at it. The wide-eyed Japanese fans had never seen anything like this before.

dead in his tracks and sets him up for the kill. It was his mastery of the art of Judo which eventually won for Rickidozan.



Referee Skaoland raises Rickidozan's hand in token of victory as Blassie rolls on the canvas in agony. It was several minutes before Fred was able to leave the ring and as he limped slowly toward the dressing room the crowd showed their contempt by completely ignoring him.

Was That An Official

READ THIS AND FIND OUT

Everything is supposed to be done according to "The Book". But who has The Book? We do! And here's what it says . . .

A FALL SHALL be gained when a man pins his opponent's shoulders to the mat for a full three seconds — as determined by the referee's count. The referee shall signify the fall has been won by tapping the winner on his back. The fall shall not be considered won until the referee has so indicated.

The referee must make sure a man's shoulders are pinned to the mat for three seconds before awarding a fall.

A MAN MAY, at any time after the opening bell has sounded, concede the match to his opponent by simply making his desire known to the referee. A fall ending in this manner shall not be recorded as a "Disqualification" but rather as a normal victory — the same as if a pin had been scored. This manner of conceding a fall shall also apply to a situation wherein a man "gives up" because he can no longer bear the pain of a so-called "submission" hold.

A man may concede a fall to his opponent when he can no longer bear the pain of a so-called "submission" hold.

Foul?

THE REFEREE SHALL examine every wrestler before a bout begins to determine whether his body is excessively greased. If so, he shall order that man to remove the foreign matter.

The referee will outline the rules to both wrestlers. Here Bobby Managoff, left, and Wilbur Snyder listen.

A REFEREE CAN disqualify if, in his opinion, any of the following violations has been intentionally committed:

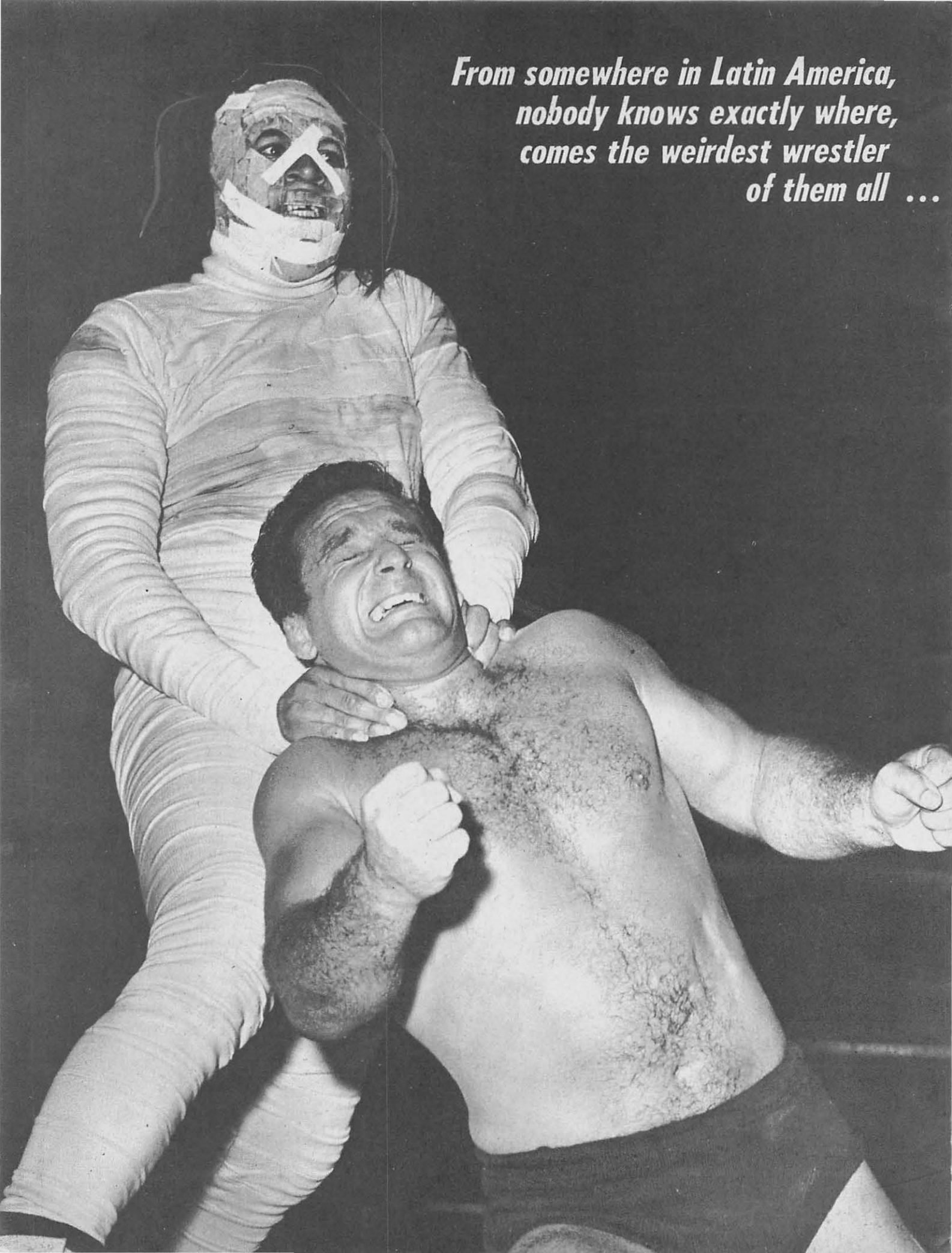
A — Abusing the referee in any manner.
B — Cutting off an opponent's breath by choking, either with the hands or through the use of a hold.
C — Eye-Gouging.
D — Biting.
E — Hair pulling.
F — Scratching.
G — Using obscene language or gestures either to the audience, his opponent, or the referee.
H — Wrestling — or fighting — outside the ring.
I — Using any foreign articles smuggled or tossed into the ring as a weapon.
J — Hitting with the fist closed.
K — Using the ropes in an unfair manner.
L — Pulling, or tearing, an opponent's garments (trunks, socks, shoes).

THESE TIME LIMITATIONS shall apply to the following situations, as determined by the referee:

A — Five seconds to release a hold.
B — Five seconds to disengage from the ropes.
C — Ten seconds to re-enter the ring from the ring apron.
D — Twenty seconds to re-enter the ring from the arena floor.

Biting shall cause a man to be disqualified. Here Jerry Graham clamps his teeth over Tony Rocca's big toe.

A man must return to the ring within 20 seconds. Buddy Rogers kicks at Rocca to keep him away from ring apron.


From somewhere in Latin America,
nobody knows exactly where,
comes the weirdest wrestler
of them all ...

BY JERRY WESSON

...THE MUMMY

WHEN SOUTH AMERICAN banana boats pull into Stateside ports, they're carefully searched. Snakes, spiders . . . the more poisonous animal life of the jungle republics is systematically excluded from entry into the U.S. But one recent arrival managed to slip past sharp-eyed officials by walking in the shape of a man.

Blacker at heart than any tarantula, more hate-filled than a venom-spitting snake, "The Mummy" stalked ashore bent on bringing to Stateside arenas some of the blood-letting, hair-raising mayhem that has made him the most hated man in Latin America.

"This is a bit strong," you may think. "Nobody is really **that** mean!" You should have been with me that night in Houston, Texas, when "The Mummy" made his debut, against handsome Jerry Kozak.

"The Mummy" didn't wrestle Kozak; he didn't fight him. He strangled, battered, tore, gouged, shattered and smashed him. Choose your word, as long as it means the annihilation of a human being by means of brutal violence. The rule book? "The Mummy" never read it. The referee? Someone to shove around. Again and again he brought the crowd to its feet, screaming hatred. They like it rough in Houston . . . but nobody likes to witness a slaughter.

They like it rough in Houston . . . and they like it noisy. But, when "The Mummy" stepped into the ring, the usual catcalls faded into a stunned silence. We've seen costumes before. We've seen gaudy jackets, turbans, fancy capes. But why would a living man deliberately clothe himself in the garments of death . . . his own death? Wrapped from head to foot in linen gauze, his scalp a tangle of black, stringy hair, his features hidden behind a mask of withered flesh, it wasn't hard to imagine that "The Mummy" was in truth a dead thing, called back to half-life by some forbidden power. My twentieth-century mind rejected the idea. But somewhere deep inside, the part of me that still squats in front of the fire whispered, "Maybe. Maybe so." The short hairs on the back of my neck rose and my chest felt a little tight.

"The Mummy" moves with the ponderous, nerveless gait of a corpse. Arms outstretched, hands extended for the death-grip, he stalked Kozak around the ring. But Jerry is no slouch. He's fast and agile; he's defended himself against the best. But this was something new. Those bloodless fingers seized Kozak's throat and bent his head back against the ropes. He didn't seem to care about winning; he seemed driven by a need to destroy, to rend and tear his opponent. Even after being declared the winner, he refused to break his hold. Kozak's face was blue; his arms dangled lifelessly behind him. They tore "The Mummy" away so Kozak could be helped out of the ring.

Who "The Mummy" is and where he comes from is shrouded in mystery as deep as the reason for his savagery. I've heard that he's a Jivaro Indian from the headwaters of the Amazon. I've heard that he comes from the forgotten islands near Tierra Del Fuego, on the southern tip of South America. One rumor has it that he's an ex-bodyguard of Nicaraguan strongman Rafael Somoza, and that he fled when the dictator was assassinated. Best bet seems to be that he's from the foothills of the Peruvian Andes. Nobody knows for sure, and nobody's likely to find

Jerry Kozak is about to sink into unconsciousness as the Mummy cuts off his air.

out. The enraged crowd that broke into his hotel room in Guatemala City found nothing . . . no personal effects, no clothes . . . nothing.

After watching him annihilate Jerry Kozak, I took a deep breath to calm my jitters, and dashed back to "The Mummy's" dressing room. I did it because I had to. It was my job.

Since "The Mummy" speaks no English, his manager, Blackie Guzman, acted as interpreter. It proved to be a short, tense interview, with those lifeless black eyes peering out at me from under the weird mask.

Q. Do you find North American wrestlers tougher than those in Latin America?

A. Nobody is tough, anywhere. I kill them all!

Q. Why did you come to the States? Was it because of the bad blood between you and other Latin wrestlers?

(Here I learned that "The

Mummy" does speak, and understand, a few English words. When I said "blood" a flicker of something like life gleamed in his eyes as he echoed, "Si, blood, yes.")

A. Nobody left to kill down there. Here, they do not yet know that I will kill them, so they try to fight back.

Q. Doesn't it bother you that everybody hates you?

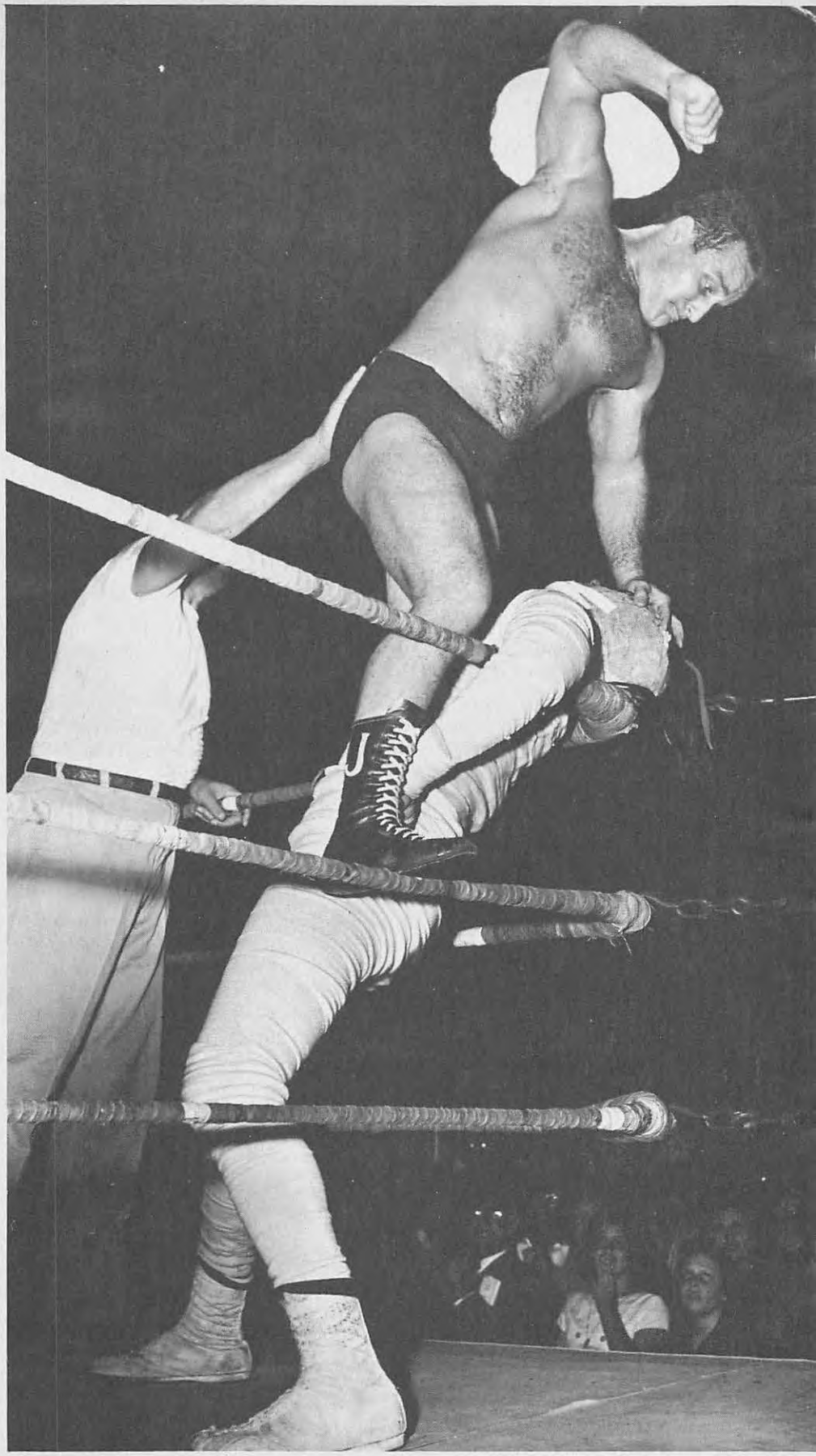
A. No, because I know why they hate me. They hate me because I am death. I am The Mummy!

Q. I understand that they tried to kill you in Guatemala a couple of weeks ago. Is that true?

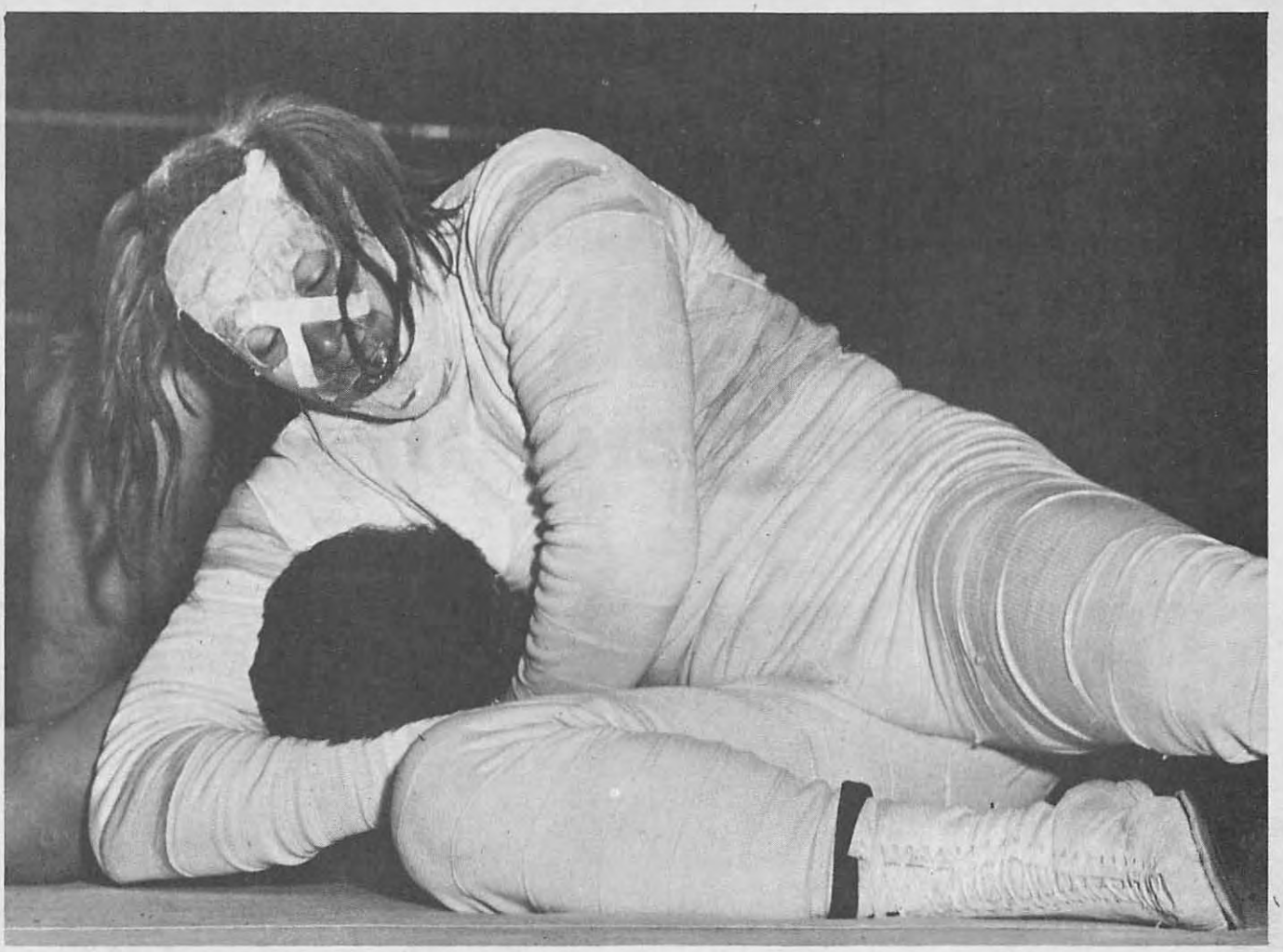
A. Yes. They shot me twice here (he pointed to his left arm) and once here (his right leg). But I did not bleed. I did not weaken. You can't kill death.

After that there wasn't another question I could ask him. I bowed, said thanks to interpreter Blackie Guzman, and edged quickly toward the door. "The Mummy's" staring eyes never left me. Only after I was outside did I feel back in this world again. ●

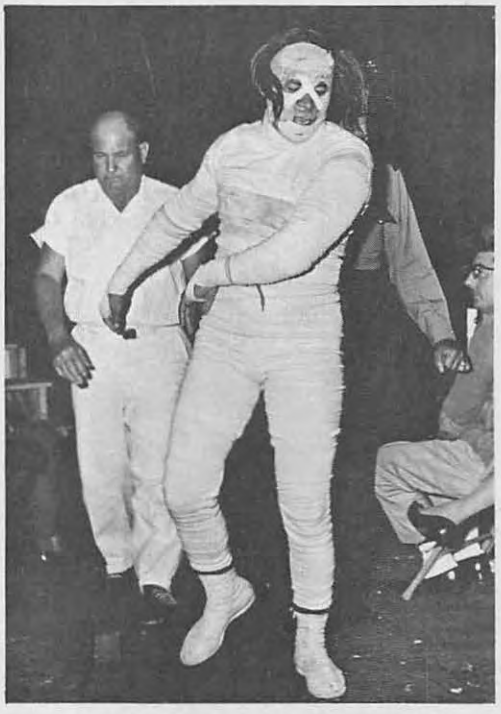
Again the Mummy goes to work on Jerry's throat in attempt to score a quick win.



Angered by the Mummy's continual choking, Kozak slammed him into a corner and used the ropes as a ladder to get into punching range. But the referee pulled him off.



Close-up shows strange garments the Mummy wears in the ring. He's a big man, standing 6 feet 3, weighs about 230-pounds. But he sheds about ten pounds during every match.

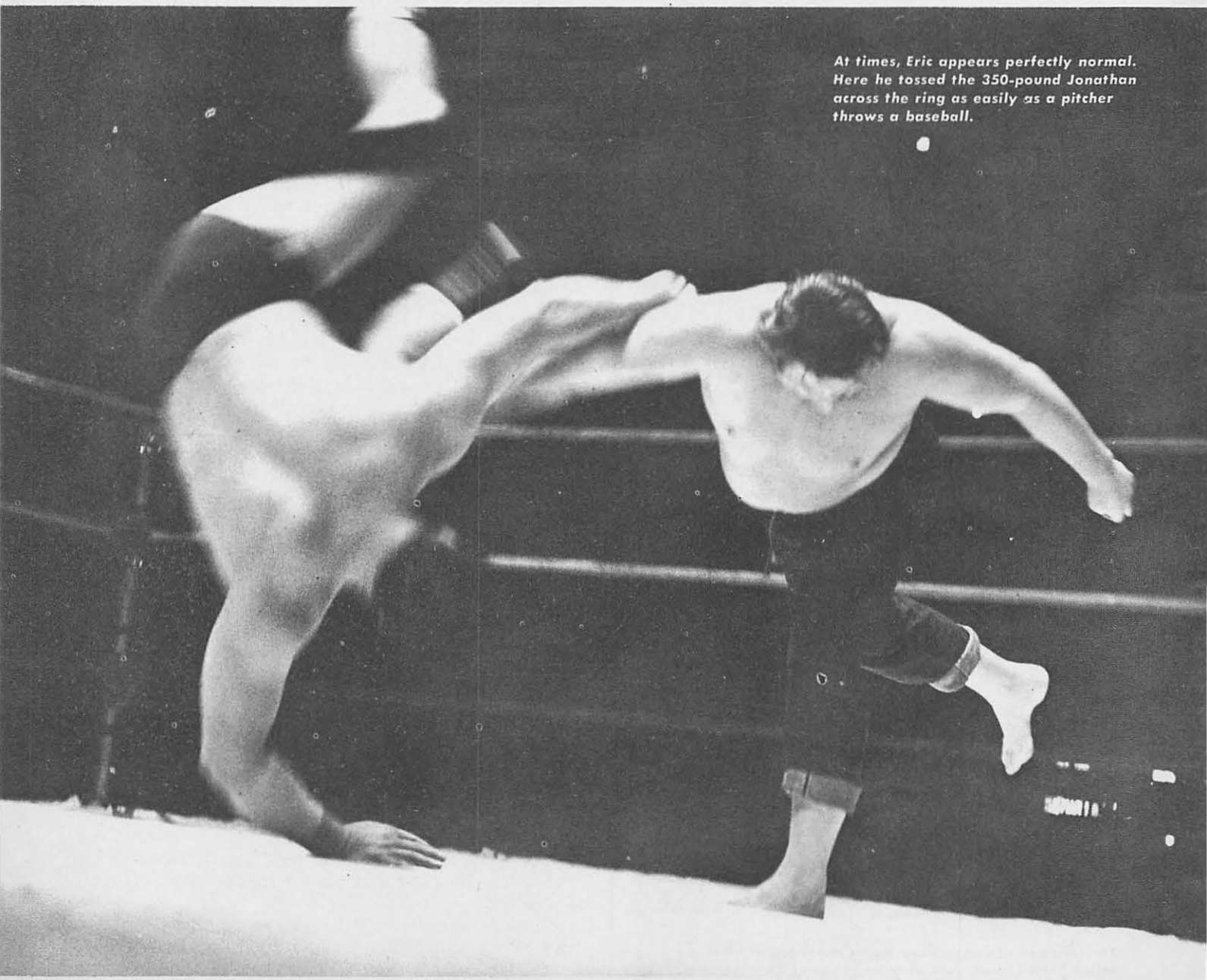


The match over, Mummy had to battle his way through angry crowd on way to dressing room.

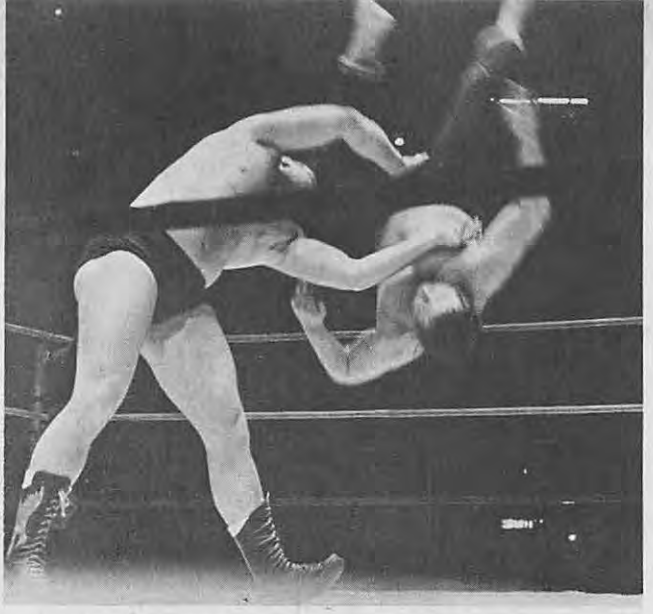
BOUTS WE CAN'T FORGET

THE NIGHT YUKON ERIC LOST TO DON LEO JONATHAN

BOSTON, MASS. — DECEMBER 8, 1959



At times, Eric appears perfectly normal. Here he tossed the 350-pound Jonathan across the ring as easily as a pitcher throws a baseball.



Now it's Eric's turn to fly through the air as Jonathan is about to release him from a crotch half-nelson combination.

Eric tried to hold Don Leo in a headlock as long as possible so as to rest his tired body. But Jonathan soon broke free.

Eric constantly tried to keep his powerful foe in what are called "rest holds", such as this tight armlock.

ASK DON LEO JONATHAN who commands his greatest respect. Chances are he'll say Yukon Eric.

Ask Eric who gave him his toughest match and he'll probably say Killer Kowalski. But then he'll quickly add, "Or was it Jonathan? It's a toss-up."

This mutual admiration these two world famous stars have for each other began one winter's night in Boston back in 1959, when they waged a savage battle before a capacity crowd in historic Boston Garden.

Big, good-natured Eric with his familiar lumberjacket and blue jeans was, as usual, the darling of the fans. They cheered wildly as he slowly mounted the ring steps and bowed graciously in acknowledgment of the tribute. How could anybody not love Eric?

Jonathan hated him! At least he did before and during the match that was scheduled for two out of three falls – with the winner promised a title match against then-champion Pat O'Connor.

Big Don Leo, all 320-pounds of him, was a one man wrecking crew in those days. Not that he still isn't today. The difference being that in 1959 he was a villain in the rich tradition of Kowalski, Haggerty and Schmidt, while today he is on the side of law and order and rarely does he even heave a referee out of the ring.

Together, they weighed close to 700 pounds, and each time one or the other was slammed to the mat the walls of the great arena seemed to shake as the thunderous echo rebounded from wall to wall as in a four-walled handball court.

From the very outset, it was obvious to experienced ringsiders that Eric was not his usual self. He appeared to be favoring his left leg and his reflexes seemed dulled as he missed attempts to secure holds by ridiculous distances. And whatever he did make played right into Jonathan's ham-like hands.

Only in spots did Eric display the great power that made him a top star for so many years. And when he did, the crowd pleaded for him to follow up and put Don Leo away. But the sustained drive necessary to do the job just wasn't there. The spirit was willing, but the body wasn't.

Jonathan whipped into the massive Alaskan, taking advantage of even the slightest opportunity, and won the first two falls and the match.

As the fans filed out of the arena they couldn't understand what had happened to their beloved Eric. Surely the big ex-lumberjack they knew so well was a good enough wrestler to whip Jonathan – or at least win one fall from him. There was an uneasy silence as they headed out into the night toward their homes.

Back in Eric's dressing room a worried doctor bent over the figure that was sprawled out on the rubbing table. The doctor put his thermometer back into its case and placed his hand on Eric's forehead.

"I can't understand why you're still breathing," the doctor said. "You have a 105° temperature!"

(continued on next page)

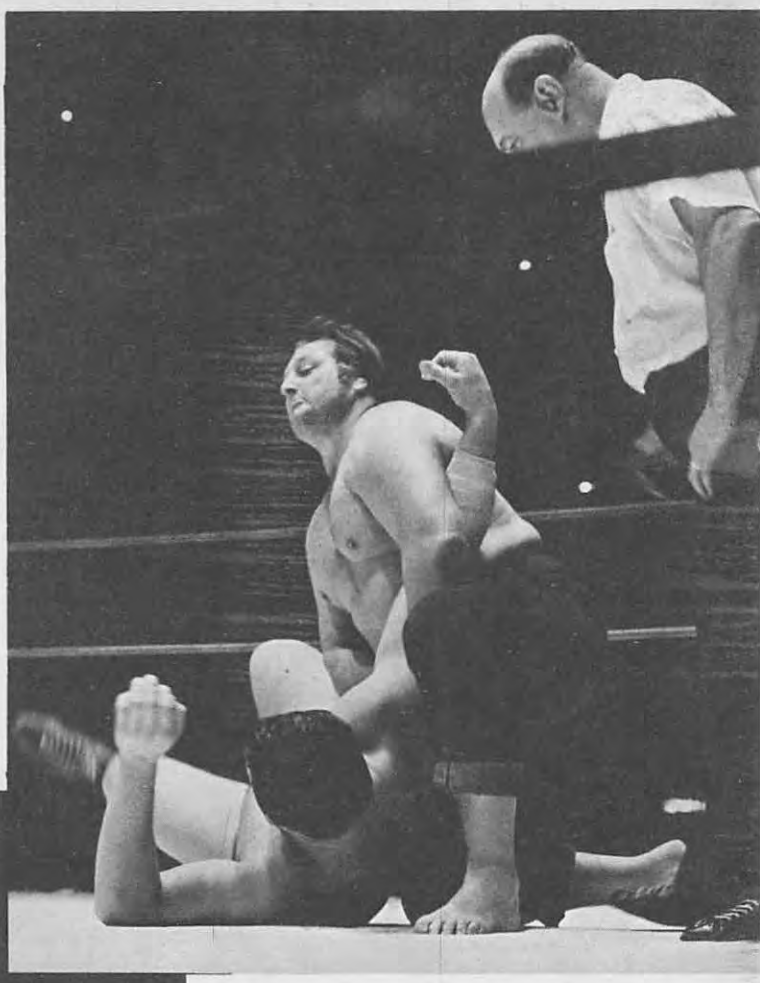
The fever-flushed wrestler managed a weak grin, then he closed his eyes.

After changing into his street clothes, happy winner Don Leo Jonathan started through the long alleyway in the bowels of Boston Garden headed for the street. As he passed the room in which Eric lay, Don glanced inside, but he kept on walking. Then he suddenly stopped, retraced his steps, and entered the room. Sensing that something was wrong, Jonathan slowly edged toward the table and looked down at Eric's pained face. Don whispered, "How do you feel, Yukon? Is there anything I can do to help?"

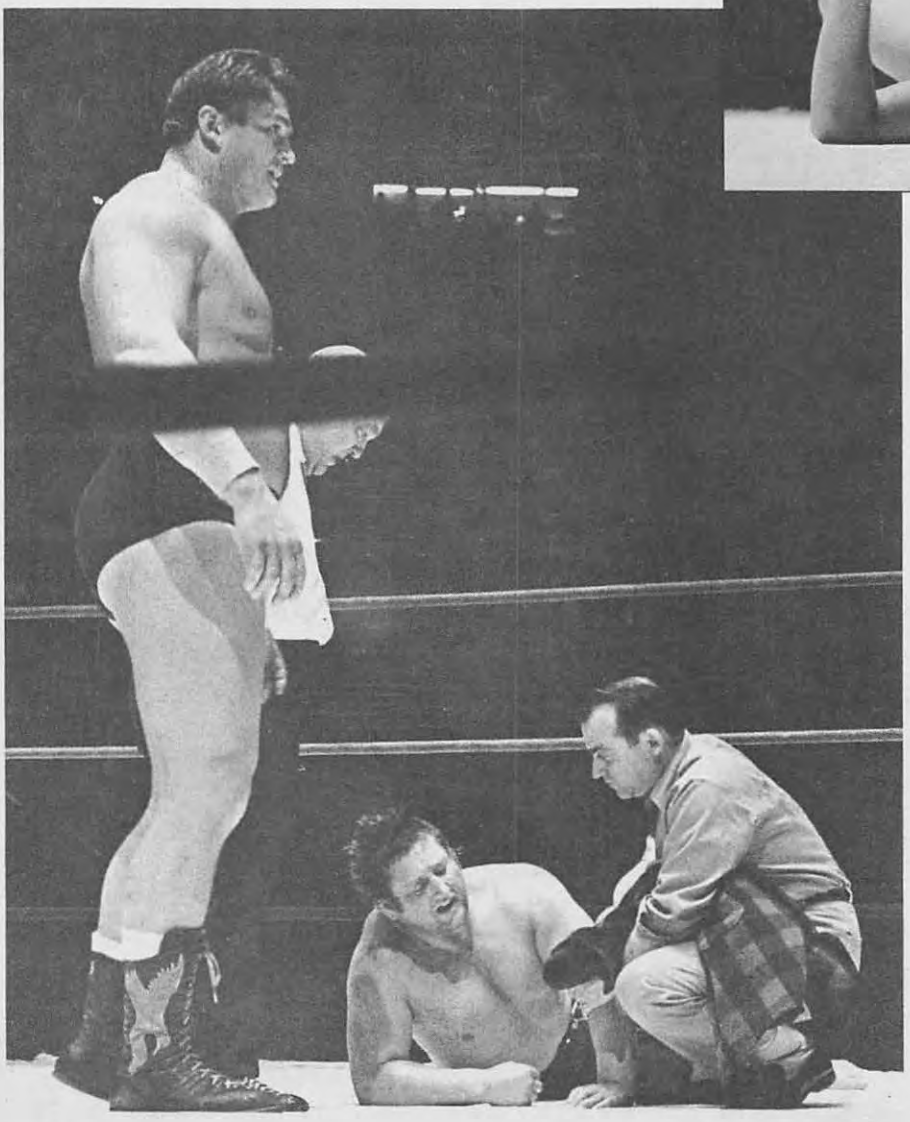
Eric's eyes opened slightly. Through the haze he recognized Don Leo and managed a faint smile – his only way of saying thanks.

Quickly the doctor filled Jonathan in on Eric's condition and in closing told Don Leo, "I realize it wasn't your fault, because you didn't know, but you were wrestling a man who was more dead than alive tonight. I just hope he recovers."

Is there any wonder that when you ask Jonathan whom he respects most in this world he says, "Yukon Eric. He's one helluva man!"●

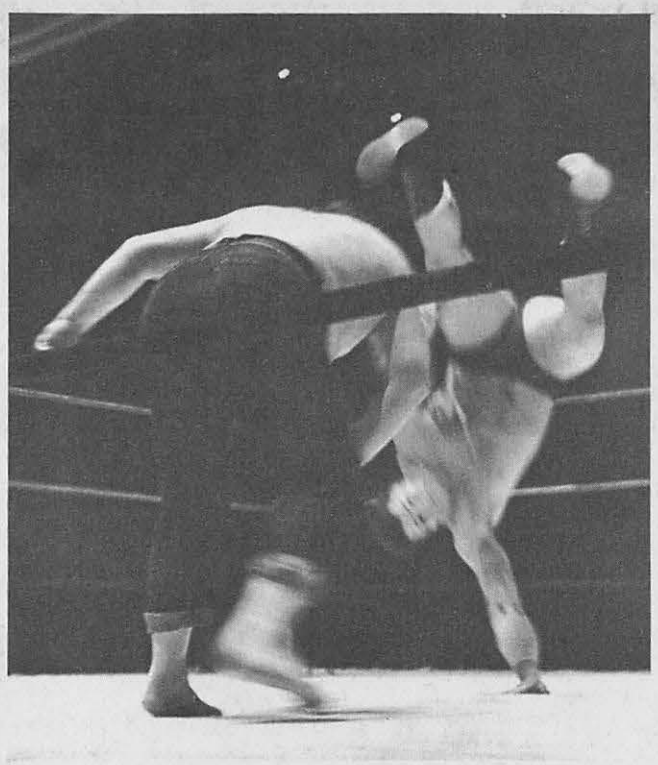


Again Eric falls back on a rest hold to conserve his fast waning energy. But he couldn't keep Don Leo down for very long.

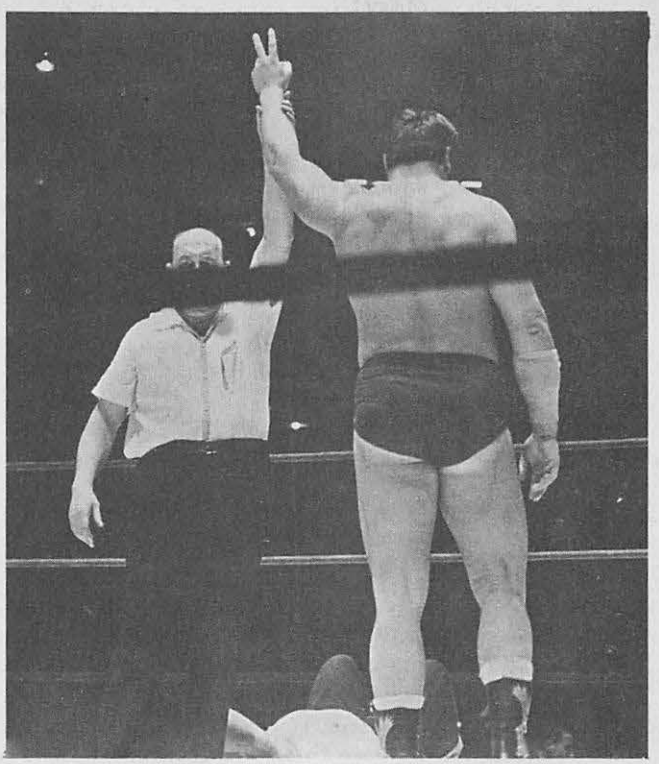


Left: Eric is aided by a sympathetic second after he lost the first fall to Jonathan in 13:06 with a body slam.

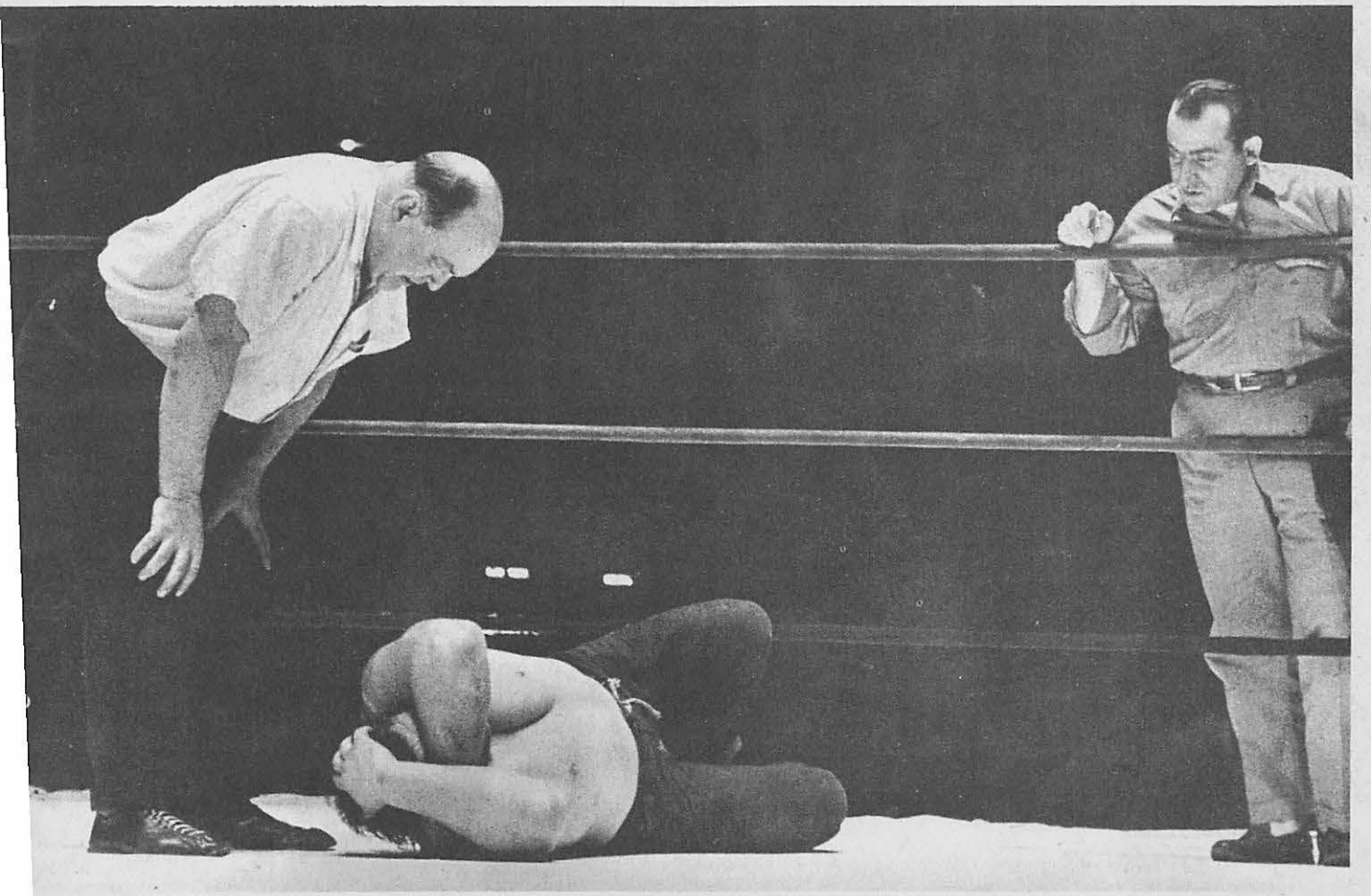
Right: Eric rolls on the mat in agony after he lost the second fall and the match in 11:06. Nobody in the big crowd had any idea how sick he was.



With his last burst of strength, Eric broke out of a leg lock and heaved Leo into the ropes with a loud crash.



The crowd sits in amazement as Jonathan's hand is raised in victory. Nobody figured Eric would lose so easily.



American Justice For The Werewolf

Strange agreement between two hated rivals has amusing repercussions

THE SWEAT RAN off Dory Dixon's magnificent body like thousands of little streams as he sat on the leather-covered rubbing table which was stuck into a corner of the dressing room. Dixon, holder of the Texas Heavyweight Wrestling Championship, was so angry that he stuttered when he spoke.

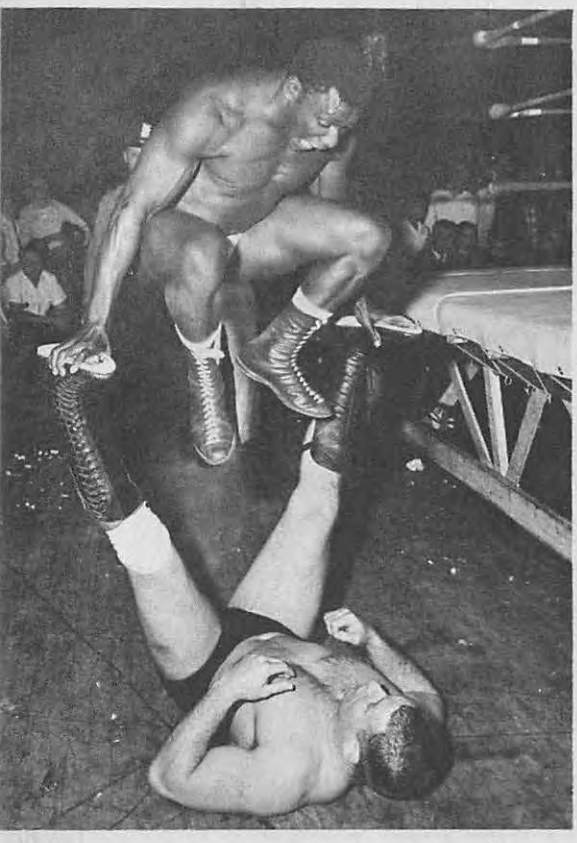
"I tell you that son of a B . . . deserves to get his brains kicked out!" Dixon expounded to a sympathetic reporter. "I've been in the ring with guys like Bull Curry, Buddy Rogers, Kowalski and most of the other tough guys, but this Von Eric . . . well . . . he's just no good, period! He's the kind of guy you let out of a hold because you figure you might bust his arm, and you don't want to do that because, after all, in this business you can't make a living with a busted wing. So you ease up. Then he kicks you in the face, or hits you in the back of the head. I tell you this guy deserves to get his brains kicked out."

Dory had just come away from his third match with Waldo Von Eric, who is called "The last of Hitler's Werewolves". They had divided the first two, and this one wound up in a draw. The **payoff**, or deciding, match was yet to come, and popular hero Dixon had some ideas about that.

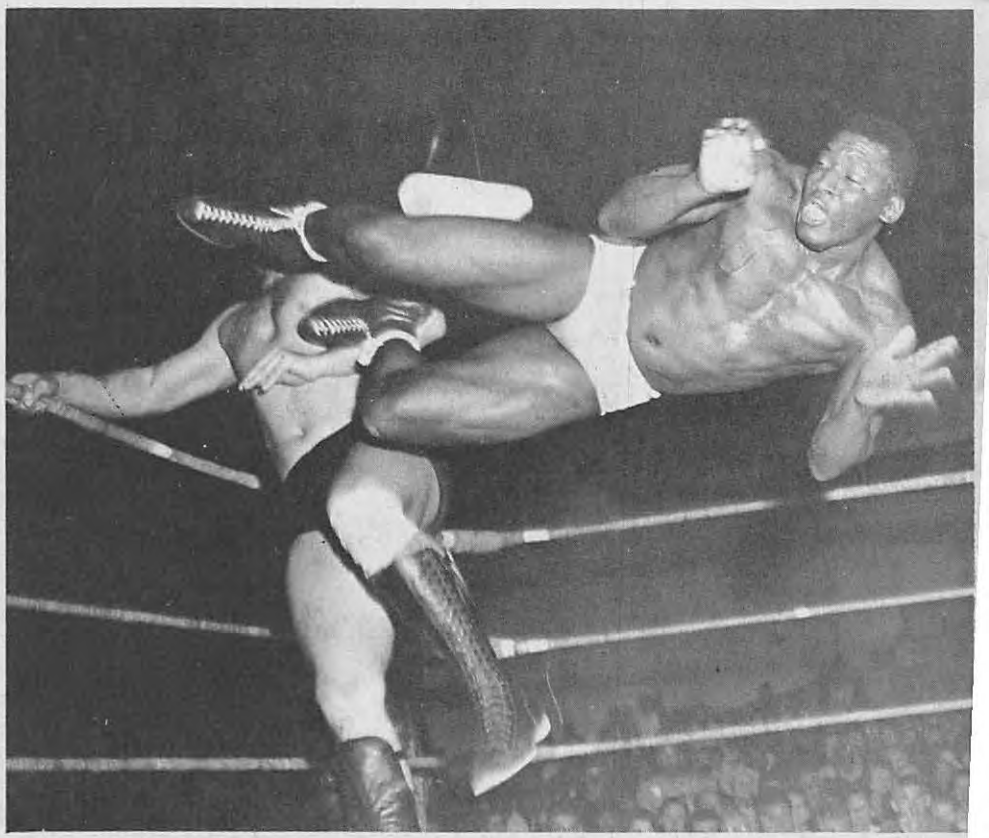
The good people of Houston, Texas, had some ideas too. They were starting to dig out the tar and feathers, as they did in the old days, before Texans had turned-in their cow ponies for Cadillacs and their round-ups for oil wells, when it came time to get rid of a bad guy.

But Dixon, good guy that he is, put his size twelve foot down firmly. "We'll do this the American way – and we'll have some fun at the same time."

(*continued on page* 58)



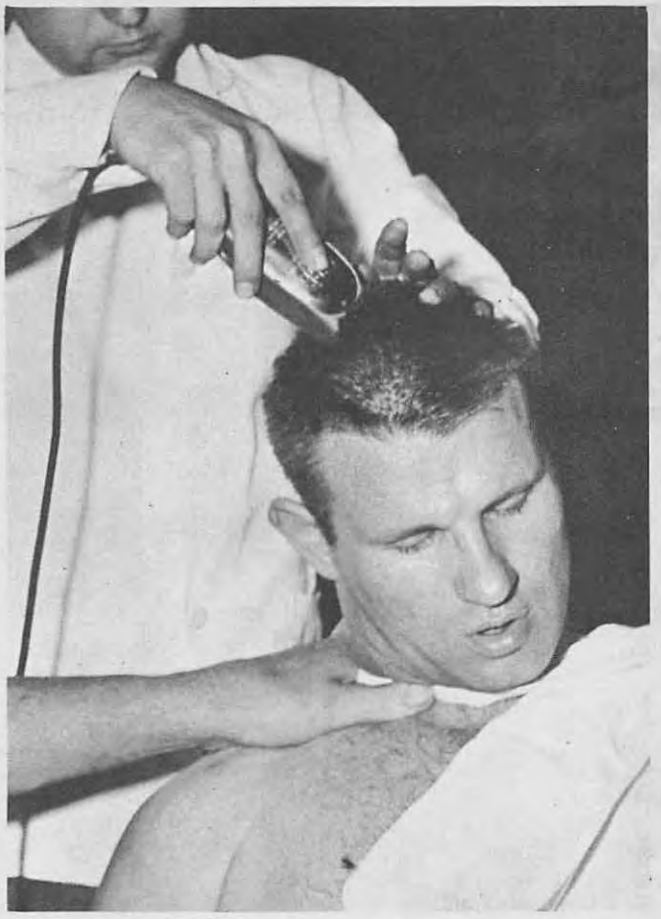
Von Eric looks up fearfully at Dixon as he wonders where Dory's feet will land.



Dixon executes a difficult kind of drop kick as he turns his body to one side in mid-air. Waldo was knocked over the top rope and landed on cement floor.

Climax of the unusual and exciting evening came when a barber spread shaving soap over loser Von Eric's head and started to scrape away with a razor.

Dixon holds down Waldo's kicking legs and referee Otto Kuss holds the German's arms as barber's clippers dart back and forth across his head. Dory said jokingly, "He should pay for this haircut."



Strangely enough, Waldo, at first, sat down in the cutting chair without being forced. There was a sad, blank expression on his face as barber started job.

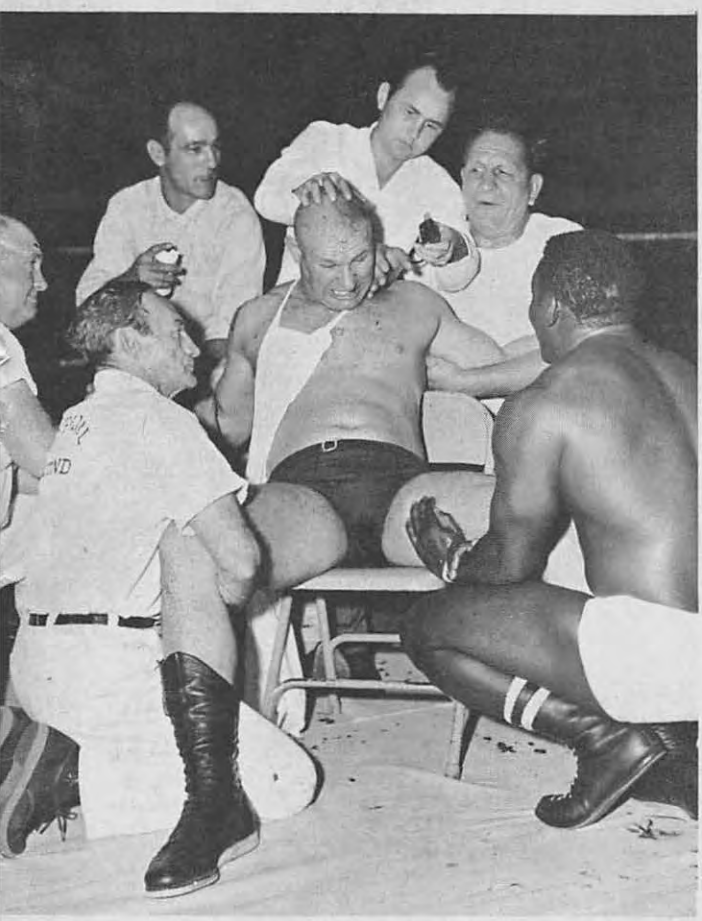
Famous referee Otto Kuss, who had been badly abused by Von Eric in previous matches, relished pinning Waldo's arms behind his back and chiding him.

(*continued from page* 56)

Dory's idea was quite simple – and sure fire box office – which made it easy to take, even for the Werewolf. The loser, suggested Dixon, would submit to having his head shaved immediately after the bout – in the ring! What's more, after the barber got finished, the loser would leave town on the next outcoming bus, train or plane – whichever he chose.

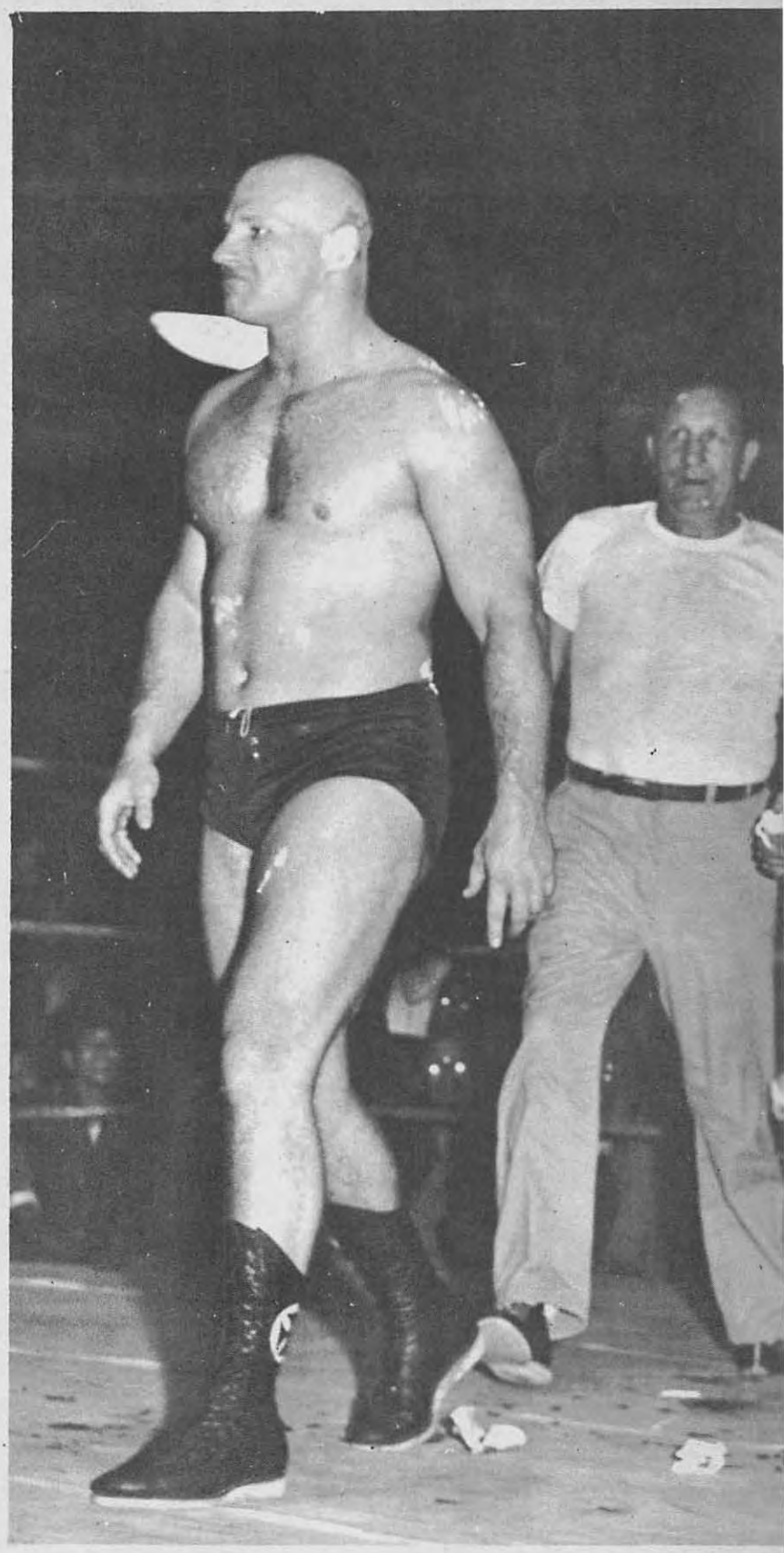
Von Eric, after thinking about it for a couple of days, half-heartedly agreed. "Back home in Germany," Waldo said as he scratched his name on the agreement, "we would do it a little bit different. Instead of a barber, we would use a guillotine."

Lucky thing for Waldo he was in Texas rather than Germany, as the pictures on these pages prove.



But after the first few strokes of the clipper, the big German became violent and it took five men, including Dixon, to hold him down.

Since the pre-bout agreement called for the loser to have his head "shaved," the barber had to use a razor to get off what hair the clippers missed.



With all the fight taken out of him, bald-headed Waldo Von Eric starts to leave the ring amid a salvo of debris hurled at him by the satisfied fans.

WRESTLING REVUE'S Candid CAMERA

When Dick "Bulldog" Brower (left) was named the world's 5th most Unpopular Wrestler by WRESTLING REVUE, Toronto fans rose in protest. "That animal is the most unpopular," they retorted. And to prove it, they awarded Brower a belt. Announcer Bill Brady of Toronto's station CKEY made the presentation in Maple Leaf Gardens as the crowd roared its approval. In Toronto, at least, Dick is No. One.

Good looking (in a sexy way) Carlos Rocha, a 6' 4", 235-pound Portuguese star now campaigning in the U.S. A feature story on this sensational new star will appear in the December 1962 issue of WRESTLING REVUE.

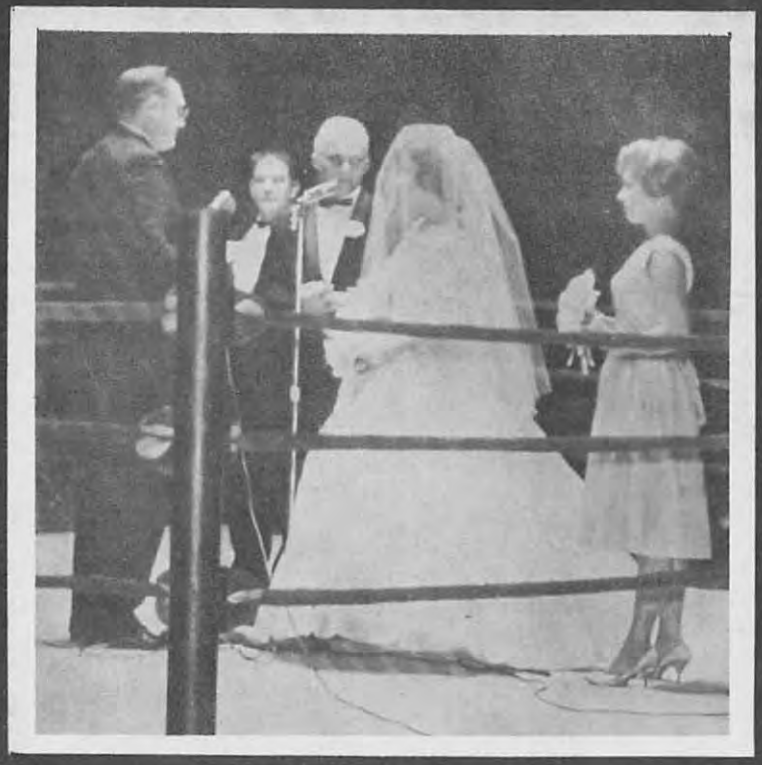
Soon after he won a match in Texas, champion Buddy Rogers was swept off his feet by Art "Sailor" Thomas. Art, who was a spectator that night, just couldn't stand to see Rogers "operating" on his poor victim.

Dangerous Danny McShain is a man who knows how to relax. Here his lovely wife, Sallee, catches the famous mat villain off guard and shoves him into pool.

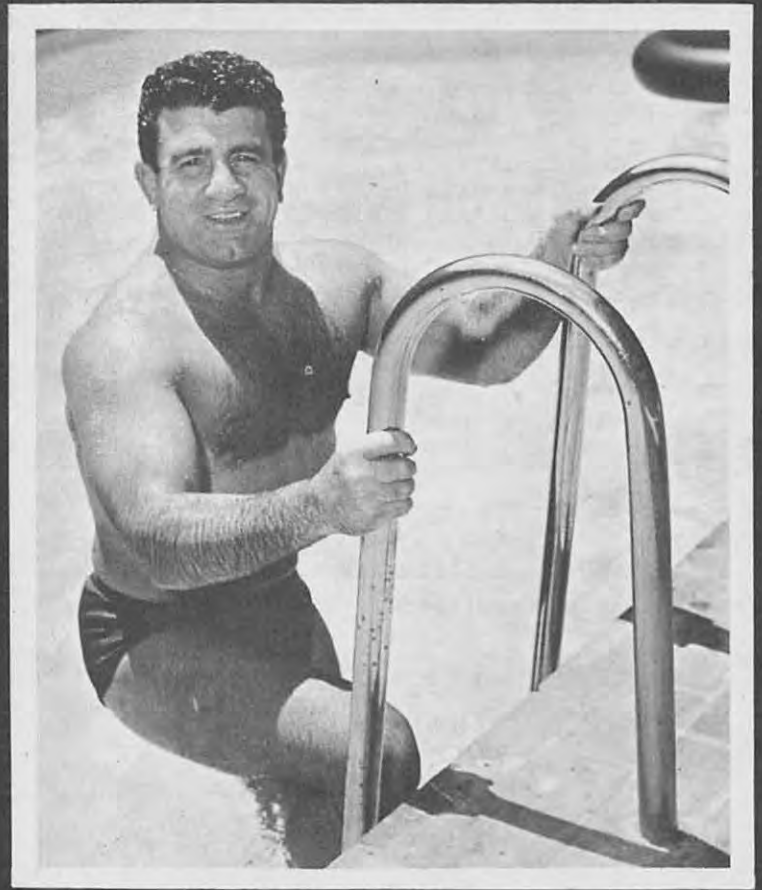
Count Billy Varga protested wildly when forced to defend his California title in a ring which was enclosed in chicken wire. But everything worked out well for the tough Count. He whipped his opponent, Johnny "Rubberman" Walker.

From Australia, where he is now completing a fabulously successful tour, the Zebra Kid sent WRESTLING REVUE this picture of him sporting his striking new ring robe, and a cute little Koala bear peeking out over his wide shoulder.

(see next page)



Popular Dickie Steinborn, whose wife recently died from an incurable illness, remarried in a Columbus, Georgia wrestling ring. Dickie's new bride is Janell Oates, who was Miss Columbus 1961.



Returning to American rings after a long absence is the sensational French star Andre Drapp. Drapp, whose style is similar to that of his popular countryman Ed Carpentier, may eventually team up with Carpentier. What a fabulous combination that would be!

WILD NIGHT

(*continued from page* 17)

Nomellini and Bill Melby. Popular Frenchman Ed Carpentier flew all the way from Paris to take on big Duke Hoffman.

There were other bouts on the card; Pepper Gomez against Carl Von Shoberg; Luis Martinez against Carl Von Brock; Don Manoukian against Johnny Rebel. San Francisco mat fans were in for a night they'd never forget.

The Stevens-Snyder match was a savage, bloody brawl that had the huge crowd practically crawling up the walls. Few sat in their seats even once after the opening bell rang. The dashing Snyder, agile as a panther, strong as a buffalo, delighted the audience by winning the first fall in 13:11 with his abdominal stretch. All Wilbur needed was one more fall to end the reign of terror. Coud he do it?

The bell rang after a short rest period and Snyder roared from his corner. Moving out from the opposite side of the ring came Stevens, with murder in his eyes. They exchanged holds – and blows – then Stevens stepped out on the ring apron.

Snyder eyed him carefully, then he tried a dangerous move which, if successful, would bring him immediate victory. Wilbur stepped back a few paces, lowered his head like a bull, and under a full head of steam rocketed toward surprised Bomber Stevens.

But that flying tackle back fired on Snyder and ruined him for the night. When he took off, he was on target. It looked like a sure hit. But Stevens sidestepped and Wilbur's crew-cut head slammed into the ring post instead of into Ray's mid-section The crowd moaned as he crashed down on the canvas, a deep gash on his forehead streaming blood. Stevens leaped at him and sent a rain of blows into the stricken man's face and body. Wilbur was helpless, in danger of serious injury. The referee wisely stopped the bout and with a wave of disgust awarded the victory to the blond terror. ●

Collector's Item

This Summer/1961

Wrestling REVUE

was a fabulous issue! In fact, it sold more copies than any wrestling magazine in history.

Here are some of it's features:

1 — The real story of Antonino Rocca.
2 — Why Kowalski is a Killer.
3 — Bob Ellis' life story.
4 — Historic night at Madison Square Garden.
5 — Terrific girl wrestling action.
6 — Big Autograph Album.
7 — The Jim Londos Story.
8 — Johnny Valentine full-color pin-up (size 16½ x 11).

If you missed this fabulous issue, here's your chance to get it. Supplies are very limited so order now!

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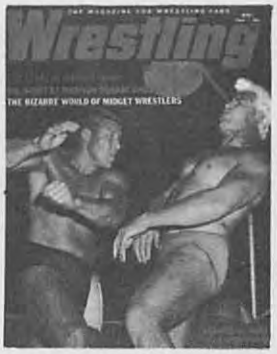

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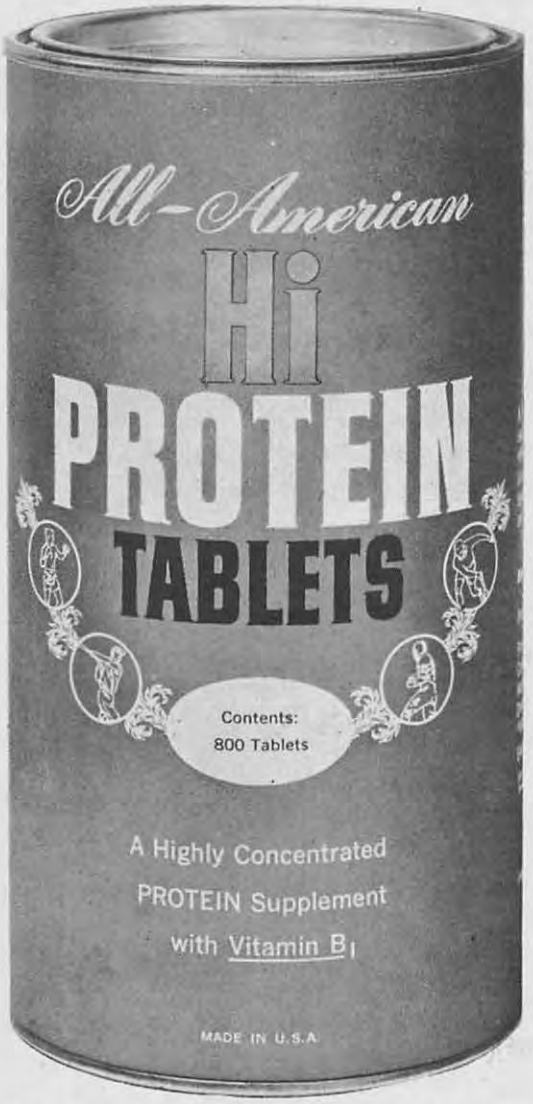

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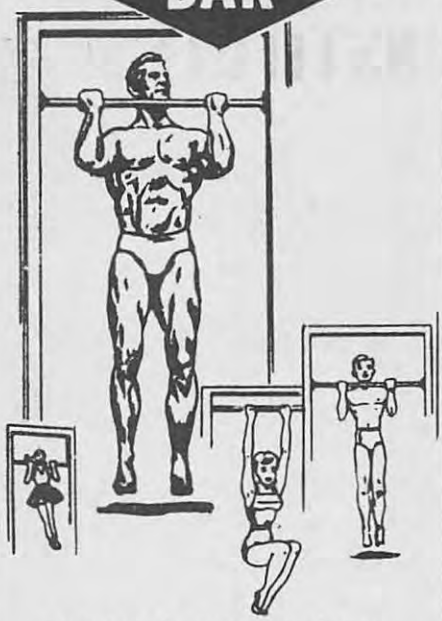

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NATION-WIDE WRESTLING RESULTS

(Reported by Boxing Illustrated correspondents)

BALTIMORE, MD. — The Bob Ellis-Great Scott bout ended in a double disqualification. Bud Cody and Gordon Nelson topped Skull Murphy and Pepe Figuroa. Pampero Firpo beat Tom Martin. Kostos Pappalazaros topped Lou Albano. Rita Cortez defeated Carol Little in two out of three falls.

LINCOLN, NEB. — Killer Karl Cox won on a disqualification over The Sheik. Bobby Managoff drew with Rocky Hamilton. Tarzan Tyler topped Tor Hagen. Chief Little Eagle whipped Corsica Joe.

KANSAS CITY, KAN. — Fritz Von Erich took two out of three falls from Bobo Brazil. The Sheik and The Bruiser were both counted out while slugging each other outside the ring. John Kostas won on a disqualification over Ike Eakins. Gino Marella topped Rocky Lee. Cowboy Bradley whipped Tiny Roe. Dot Dotson lost to Evelyn Stevens.

ORLANDO, FLA. — Don Curtis and Joe Scarpa drew with the Von Braunner brothers. Billy Parks topped Jim Wright. Ali Bey disposed of Bulldog Lawley.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND — Two old rivals, the Bruiser and Wilbur Snyder, teamed up to inflict one of the worst (and bloodiest) defeats on Stan and Art Neilson. A standing room only crowd roared their approval as the Neilsons dropped two straight falls. Haystacks Muldoon defeated Don Jardine. Pee Wee Lopez whipped Marcel Senard. Rip Collins topped Gene Murphy. Chuck Conley won over Johnny Heideman.

LITTLE ROCK, ARK. — Dan Hodge successfully defended his junior heavyweight title by whipping Joe McCarthy in a bitterly fought battle. In a tag match, Jan Madrid and Louis Tillet were too smart and fast for Jackie Nichols and Tiny Smith.

LITCHFIELD, ILL. — Pat O'Connor won two straight falls from Stan Stasiak. Marcel Dupont and Lorenzo Parente defeated Duke Keomoka and Rocky Lee. Cowboy Bradley topped Tiny Roe (midgets). Corsica Joe drew with veteran Joe Millich.

SACRAMENTO, CALIF. — Ray Stevens lost the first fall, then bounced to take the next two and the match from tough Kinji Shibuya. Pepper Gomez teamed with Luis Martinez to defeat Don Manoukian and Karl Von Brock. Leo Nomellini pinned Mike Valentino. Mitsu Arakawa threw Emile Dupre. George Scott topped Chico Garcia.

SACRAMENTO, CALIF. — Ray Stevens whipped Joe Brunetti. Kinji Shibuya won two out of three falls from Red Bastein. Pepper Gomez topped The Alaskan. Hercules Cortez pinned Mike Valentino. Don Manoukian won from Guy Brunetti. Mitsu Arakawa used his famous claw hold to down Ronnie Etchinson.

WASHINGTON, D. C. — Bob Ellis defeated Lou Albano. Pompero Firpo outgunned Luis Torres. Brute Bernard and Skull Murphy won over Carlos Milano and Pete Sanchez. Mark Lewin trimmed Angelo Savoldi in two straight falls. In the main event, Antonino Rocca whipped Larry Simon.

ROCHESTER, N. Y. — The Kalmikoff brothers went to a draw against Don Leo Jonathan and Ilio DiPaolo. Bobo Brazil topped Steve Stanlee. Bob Stanlee won over Howard Martin. Eric Pomeroy pinned Diamond Jim Brady. Bobby Graham and Tony Marino teamed up to defeat the Scufflin' Hillbillies.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH. — Lou Klein (Bastien) lost on disqualification to The Great Bolo. Rickie Cortez defeated Tony Parisi. The Alaskan had an easy time whipping Danny Ferazza with a bear hug. Joe Motti topped Tim Hampton with a full-nelson.

(continued on next page)

LOU KLEIN, once known as Lou Bastien, writes that he is teaming up with LARRY CHENE and expects to share with Larry the World's Tag Team Championship within a year. Meanwhile, Lou is having a running feud with the GREAT BOLO. They have been hacking away at each other in what is called "Texas Style Death" matches. The rules for this form of legalized murder are simple: No pins count. The only way a victory can be had is when somebody quits.

Did you know that BIG MOOSE CHOLAK scored a tremendous upset win over CRUSHER LISOWSKI in Madison, Wisconsin on April 4th? But Crusher wasn't exactly beaten in the true sense of the word. Here's what happened: Lisowski won the first fall by picking up the 365-pound Moose and slamming him to the floor. Cholak zoomed back to take the second fall with a body press. Soon after the third and deciding fall got underway, Crusher was shoved out of the ring by Moose who came running out after him. A furious melee took place as the men slugged each other all over the arena. Meanwhile the referee was counting away. But Cholack was carefully listening to the count. When the referee yelled "Sixteen," Moose made sure he was close enough to the ring to jump back in before the fatal twenty was reached. By the time Lisowski realized what was going on it was too late. He had been counted out.

MIKE AND DOC GALLAGHER returned to action as a team after a long layoff to whip the KALMIKOFFS in Buffalo's Memorial Auditorium. Good to see Mike and Doc back together. They're a fabulous tag team.

"THE LISTENING POST"

Handsome DOUG GILBERT taking Minnesota by storm. A truly gifted wrestler with an enormous following. Doug holds victories over Pat O'Connor, Bob Geigel and the great Verne Gagne.

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"M". Thus we were not as crazy as it might have appeared. e were, you see, TWO Mr. "M's" wrestling in different lities a short time ago.

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that has captivated the wrestling world is that delightfully informative bundle of facts and rumors published under the heading "Listening Post." Read it once and we guarantee that you'll never miss it again. It can be found ONLY in BOXING ILLUSTRATED-WRESTLING NEWS, naturally.

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CRUSHER LISOWSKI
CORA COMBS
LORD BLEARS

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MONROE BROTHERS
FRED BLASSIE
ED CARPENTIER

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APR. 1962
BOB ELLIS
BABA THE GIANT
ANTONINO ROCCA
VITTORIO APOLLO
LISTENING POST

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PHOTOGRAPHY BY LOYD SANDGREN

A Pint Of Blood

SOMETIMES WINNERS CAN LOOK LIKE LOSERS. As proved by the picture on the facing page. Dickie Steinborn (arm raised) and his tag team partner Eddie Graham, after their memorable battle with those hateful Japs, Toro Miaki and Tojo Yamamoto in Jacksonville, Fla., were asked to pose by a local photographer.

"Just a minute while I wash all this blood and goo off me," Graham told the photographer, who was already focused in for the bloodiest shot of the year.

"No, please, Eddie," pleaded the photographer, "that would ruin the picture. Leave it just like it is."

There was a quick huddle between Eddie and Dickie. Alright, it was okay to take the shot without getting prettied up.

What caused all that blood? Well, it was this way:

After being tossed around like a pair of yo-yo's, Steinborn-Graham got their signals crossed. Miaki worked Steinborn into a corner and was hammering away at him with murderous judo chops. But Dickie managed to tag Graham just in time to save himself.

Into the ring roared Eddie, fists clenched, face twisted in a hateful snarl.

Boom! A right to the jaw sent Miaki scurrying for help.

In came Yamamota.

Out went Yamamoto after getting a face full of Graham's fists.

There was a frantic discussion between the two Japanese aces, while Graham demanded that the referee disqualify them for stalling. But the referee reminded Eddie that team partners have the right to discuss strategy. Trouble was Miaki and Yamamota were talking about Pearl Harbor-type strategy.

Miaki, with an infamous grin on his face, finally stepped into the ring. Moving out to face him was Steinborn, who had relieved Graham.

They battled on even terms for a few minutes. Then it happened.

No one noticed Miaki sneaking around the ring to below where Graham stood shouting encouragement to Steinborn, as Yamamota held Dickie in a painful headlock.

Miaki grabbed Graham's unsuspecting leg and gave it a sharp yank. Down went Eddie — falling the four feet from the ring apron to the floor, and landing with a thud on the side of his face. As Graham rolled around beneath spectator's feet Miaki noticed a small cut that had been opened on Eddie's left forehead. This set the Jap off like a roman candle.

He lunged at Eddie and began pummeling his face with punches and judo chops. The cut on Graham's head opened wider — and deeper — and the blood began flowing as if from a faucet. Still Miaki kept up his vicious attack.

It was Steinborn who probably saved his partner's life. When the initial shock was over, and Dickie realized what was happening, he lunged at Miaki and knocked him cold with a crack on the jaw. Yamamota, meanwhile, proving that he was smarter than the others, remained inside the ring making threatening — but harmless — gestures at the opposition.

But things worked out well in the end. The referee disqualified the Japs, leaving Eddie and Dickie in possession of their Southern championship belts. •

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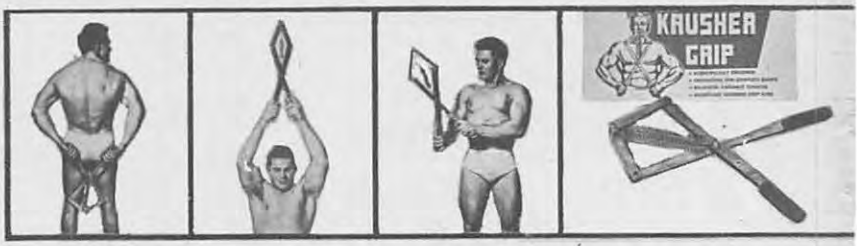

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OFFICIAL WRESTLING RATINGS

These ratings, which are compiled with the full authority and approval of The National Wrestling Alliance, professional wrestling's top governing body, are universally accepted as "Official."

BUDDY ROGERS

MALE

1—Buddy Rogers
2—Ray Stevens
3—Verne Gagne
4—Ed Carpentier
5—Antonino Rocca
6—Crusher Lisowski
7—Ronnie Etchinson
8—Killer Kowalski
9—Luther Lindsay
10—Pat O'Connor

FEMALE

1—June Byers
2—Fabulous Moolah
3—Karen Kellogg
4—Judy Grable
5—Lorraine Johnson
6—Millie Stafford
7—Kathy Starr
8—Rose Roman
9—Judy Glover
10—Barbara Baker

MILLIE STAFFORD

TAG TEAM

1—Buddy Rogers and Johnny Barend
2—Johnny Valentine and Bob Ellis
3—Mitsu Arakawa and Kinji Shibuya
4—Art and Stan Neilson
5—Nick and Jerry Kozak
6—The Kangaroos
7—Dickie Steinborn and Eddie Graham
8—Don and Roy McClarity
9—Don Curtis and Joe Scarpa
10—Wilbur Snyder and Bruiser

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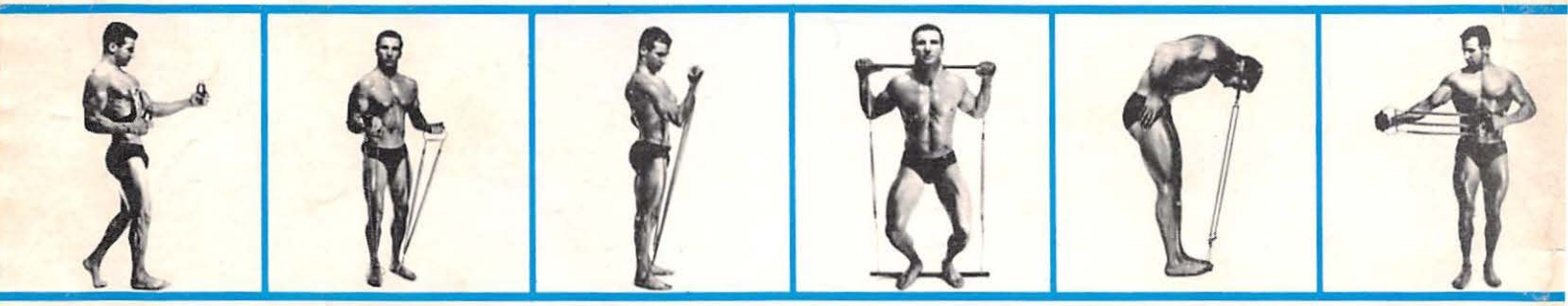

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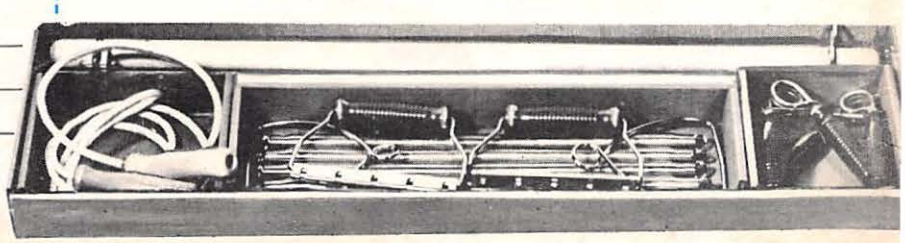
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